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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Meek.

Parliament was prorogued on Saturday, the Government having brought to port the Parliament Act, the Insurance Act, the Copyright Act, the Coal Mines Act, and part of the Shop Hours Act, and failed in the Metropolitan Rate Bill and the Naval Prize Bill. The King's Speech described the Insurance Act as destined to fortify thrift and self-reliance, to alleviate misery and check disease, and to mitigate hardships caused to workmen and their families by the depression of the labor market. There is rather a significant reference to the conclusion of the Franco-German Agreement as "a matter in which My Government was concerned by its treaty engagements."

In reference to the suggestion of our correspondent "E." of an approach to Germany, it may be useful to recall the Prime Minister's endorsement of Mr. Bonar Law's suggestion that England did not want to keep Germany out of her "place in the sun." Sir Edward Grey gave a weaker version of this hint in the phrases in which he first warned Germany off parts of Africa "absolutely contiguous to British possessions," and then suggested that, if there were to be territorial changes there, and Germany wished to share in them, we should not stand in her light. The matter would thus appear to be transferred from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office, where we imagine it is possible for England and Germany to transact business without flying at each The hint is not one for immediate others' throats. adoption, but it stands; and if the Government mean something by it-as we think they do-it will be well for the public to consider how and where a peace-making deal can be effected. We believe there is no truth in the reports of a projected German descent on Angola.

THE run of Ministerial ill-luck continues. North Ayrshire, which was Unionist in 1906 owing to a split between Liberalism and Labor, but Liberal in the two elections of 1910, has reverted to Unionism by a majority of 271. Mr. Anderson, the Liberal candidate and the new Solicitor-General for Scotland, polled 239 votes less than last December, and Captain Campbell added to his following by 386 votes. Mr. Anderson and the Conservative Press attribute the result to the Insurance Bill; the "Morning Post" stating that the workers in textile and other factories objected to an increase of a penny in their former contributions, while the agricultural workers feared a new tax. In the pending Govan by-election, the local Labor Representation Committee has recommended a vote for the Unionist candidate on grounds which, when they are stated at all, seem to us extremely frivolous.

THE revolting doctors of the South held a turbulent mass meeting in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday. meeting followed the later trade-unionist practice of deserting its leaders. It practically refused a hearing to Sir Victor Horsley, one of the most distinguished of living doctors, and to another representative of the Council of the British Medical Association, and its feeling favored a strike against the Insurance Act. But, in effect, the resolution which it passed was in line with the more moderate policy and action of the Council. The motion complained that the six points claimed by the Association were not guaranteed by the provisions of the Act. claim of the Council was that four of them were embodied in the Act, and that the other two, including the wagelimit of £2 a week for insurers, have been kept open for negotiation by the Insurance Commissioners, who now include a medical member, and for local settlement.

The meeting pledged itself to refuse service under the Act until all its demands were conceded. These demands depend on local conditions, and on the extent and character of contract practice. How can doctors strike against healing? And how can the enormous existing volume of club practice—the conditions of which must be improved by the Act—be set aside? We observe that a medical paper, called "The Practitioner," has conducted a referendum of doctors, which has resulted in 20,000 refusing to serve, and a little over 300 consenting, out of a total of about 36,000 medical men in the United Kingdom. But we think the blaze will die down.

The majority in the Cabinet which favors woman suffrage has re-opened the propaganda started in the Chancellor's Bath speech. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George joined forces to address a meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation at the Horticultural Hall. Both speeches pointed to a concentration of Liberal Parliamentary suffragists on an amendment resembling the Dickinson Bill. But Sir Edward's speech was also a powerful general plea for the full admission of women

into political life as the acknowledgment and crown of the very large indirect part they already play in modern thought and State action. On the question of tactics, Sir Edward made a clever defence of the new Ministerial position, which, he said, greatly improved the chances of woman suffragists. He said:—

"If the House of Commons inserts an amendment in the Government Bill that amendment is put in by a majority which will not affect the majority in favor of the Bill. The Bill will go on with a majority behind it. The opponents of woman suffrage cannot wreck the chances of the Bill by putting an amendment for woman suffrage into the Bill. Once that is in the Bill it has the whole organisation of the Government behind it, and if the Government can secure the passage of the Bill the passage of woman suffrage in it is assured. I think our main, first objective, on which we should unite, is to put into the Government Bill an amendment which will do all that the Conciliation Bill would have done and will include married women as well."

This, Sir Edward insisted, was a safer policy than that of relying merely on the Conciliation Bill, which excluded married women, and which Radicalism opposed. As to tactics, he insisted that the best possible course had been pursued. If there had been a Cabinet decision against any suffrage amendment in the Reform Bill, the friendly majority would have resigned, and there would have been no Government and no Bill. But if the majority had pressed such an amendment on the dissentients, the Prime Minister would have resigned, and the Government would have broken up. "However we differ on woman suffrage," said Sir Edward Grey, "we are all united in loyalty to the Prime Minister."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, fresh from witnessing the Royal assent to the Insurance Act, "said ditto to Sir Edward Grey," underlining his statement of tactics. George's speech was in the main a rehearsal of his plea at Bath for the enfranchisement of women on the special ground that the Insurance Act affected 4,000,000 women workers, whose opinion had never been formally asked about it, although he had found their deputations to be the ablest and most practical of all. As the Chancellor was leaving the Hall, a man called McDougall, an adherent of the W.S.P.U., threw a heavy dispatch-box through the open window of his motor-car. Mr. George was bruised on the cheek, and the missile might have blinded him, or seriously injured his wife and little daughter. For this cruel and senseless outrage the offender was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

THE Persian question remains in a condition of suspense. The Parliament is wavering in its refusal to meet the Russian demands by dismissing Mr. Shuster, and has now practically placed itself in the hands of the Cabinet, which thought it expedient to yield under protest in order to avoid a Russian occupation of Teheran, and has put forward certain counter proposals of its own, including a stipulation that if the Russian terms are conceded the Russian troops will immediately withdraw. So far, no progress has been made in these negotiations, and it is believed that the Russian troops concentrated at Kazvin will continue their march on the capital before this week is ended. There is an ominous report from the Russian side of fighting between Russian and Persian troops. Meanwhile Turkish opinion shows extreme restlessness at the Russian aggression, and further bodies of Turkish troops have entered the disputed area round Lake Urmia on the Turco-Persian frontier. The Russian Ambassador has given the Porte certain assurances, but no words can alter the fact that Russia, by her gradual occupation of Northern Persia, is enveloping Turkey on the East.

THE rumors that Great Britain and Japan are contemplating intervention in China have been officially denied, but the Consuls-General of the six Far Eastern Powers made representations on Wednesday to the delegates of the rebels and the Government who are meeting at Shanghai. They urged the advisability of peace in general terms, and professed their neutrality while pointing out that the interests and security of foreigners are endangered by the present struggle. Some accounts state that the influence of these Powers is being used on behalf of the idea of Constitutional Monarchy, but such representations, if made, were presumably unofficial. The conference itself has so far been quite indecisive, and is apparently conducted in public. Ting-Fang, the rebel plenipotentiary, argued for a Republic, and Tang-Shao-Yi, the delegate of the Imperial Government, professed himself personally in agreement with this view, but said that he could not commit Yuan-Shih-Kai to it. He then asked for fifteen days' armistice, and the rebels, who seem to feel themselves in a strong position, granted seven days. Probably something more has passed behind the closed door. The "Novoe Vremya" has published what are alleged to be Yuan-Shih-Kai's terms. China, if we may trust this revelation, is to become a Republic in fact, while remaining a Monarchy in name. The King would be excluded from all political power, and the elected President of the United States of the Middle Kingdom would share with him equal honors, while wielding all the power.

THE French Chamber ratified the Moroccan Agreement on Wednesday by 393 votes to 36, a division which was interesting only because of the abstention of some 150 deputies, mainly belonging to the Right and Centre. The Colonial group is extremely critical of the arrangement for financial or commercial reasons, while others, notably deputies of Alsatian origin, felt themselves unwilling to sanction any rapprochement to Germany. such the treaty is evidently generally regarded, and it is significant that most of the Socialists voted for it, while the few who voted against it are avowed Chauvinists. The official defence by M. Caillaux was skilful, but left whole tracts of the controversy untouched. So far as he struck any keynote it was in his peroration, which expressed the wish that henceforward France and Germany might live in peace and concord. He had some difficulty in meeting critics, who complain that while France assumes an onerous political rôle in Morocco, she has surrendered her privileged position in the matter of concessions.

The industrial outlook has again darkened in North and North-Eastern Lancashire. The Unionist campaign against non-Unionist labor has produced a serious incident in Accrington, where a weaver and his wife have left the union, refused to rejoin it, and been upheld by their employers. Other mills worked by the company have struck, and the masters threaten to retort by a general lock-out, including 150,000 workers. The dispute may be settled, but the old and formidable issue of a minimum wage for miners is to be raised by a general ballot next month, asking for a decision for the "principle of a minimum wage for every man and boy working underground in Great Britain." If two-thirds of the miners decide for a stoppage, notices to terminate agree-

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ments will be handed in next March. This time it is thought that the militants, whose stronghold is in South Wales and Northumberland, will win, but there is a pause for negotiation.

A PUZZLING arrangement has been reached between Turkey and Egypt in regard to the extreme Eastern strip of the Tripoli Coast, some two hundred miles long. It is important chiefly because of the good, deep-water roadstead at Sollum. Egypt has always contended that this territory was part of the Vilayet of Egypt granted to Mehemet Ali and his descendants. The dispute has never been settled, nor even seriously pressed, and the map accompanying the firman of 1841, if it ever was drawn, has been lost. Turkey now makes over this region to Egypt to be occupied temporarily during the war, subject to a final settlement at its close. No authoritative explanation is forthcoming. There is apparently some anger in Italy, but only among the less well-informed.

ITALY had already partly allowed the claim of Egypt by withdrawing this bit of coast-line from the blockade. Turkey, presumably, is glad to diminish the eventual gains of Italy. Italy, on the other hand, may well have consented from the first to pay blackmail in return for a free hand to carry out her brigandage. France, by a parallel movement, has occupied the disputed oasis of Djanet, which the Turks had so long defended gainst her. It is generally assumed that Egypt and Great Britain are in this contest on identical terms, and that we are interested in Sollum as a possible naval base. Malta one would have thought sufficient. It may be useful to remember that the Khedive is very largely interested in a light railway scheme to serve this whole region between Cyrenaica and Alexandria.

On Friday week, Mr. Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second son, made a violent attack on the Lord Chancellor's appointment of justices, charging him with breaking faith in Mr. Primrose's constituency and neglecting his own conscience while he was supposed to keep the King's. Mr. Primrose's motion was seconded by Sir Charles Henry, who spoke without offence. The Prime Minister had no difficulty in showing that the substance of the complaint against Lord Loreburn-that he had failed to redress the overwhelming balance in favor of Tory magistrates—was very thin. Thus, in the English and Welsh boroughs he had appointed 1,100 Liberals to 284 Conservatives, and 115 persons of unknown politics. In the counties he had appointed 1,658 Liberals, 580 Conservatives, and 1618 of unknown coloring. These "unknown" magistrates, who were claimed as mostly Tory, must have been fairly equally divided between the two parties, for they represented locally agreed lists. There is no serious Liberal grievance here. It is more to the point that the Lord Chancellor has honorably fulfilled his resolve to keep the judicial bench, high and low, free of the grosser taint of partisanship with which Lord Halsbury so deeply stained it.

THE intense irritation felt in the United States at the restrictions placed by Russia on American travellers of Jewish faith, showed itself this week in a vehement debate in the House of Representatives. Some of the cases cited, in which passports had been refused to men of personal distinction and international repute, almost staggered belief. Even Mr. Strauss, the American Ambassador in Constantinople, was granted a passport only

as a special courtesy, and on terms so humiliating that he declined to use it. The House proposed, there and then, to abrogate the Russo-American Arbitration Treaty by way of protest. Mr. Taft then intervened in a message to the Senate, giving notice of the intention to abrogate this Treaty in such a way as to avoid a rupture, while paving the way for negotiations. Both Houses have now approved his action. This protest should do good, but it will probably prevent any American action to strengthen the position of Mr. Shuster in Persia. Mr. Taft, meanwhile, continues his efforts on behalf of the Arbitration Treaties, and spoke powerfully in their defence in New York on Tuesday.

THE first report of the U.S.A. Tariff Board, which was appointed to revise the schedules of the Payne Law in a downward direction, was issued on Wednesday with an approving message from Mr. Taft. It deals entirely with wool, and is a formidable criticism of the present high protection. But a Bill has yet to be formulated, and it must be remembered that Mr. Taft has already vetoed one Bill dealing with the duties on wool, introduced by the Democrats and Insurgents. The report must be welcomed in so far as it makes for a lower tariff, but its line of argument does not even approach the Free Trade position. The general principle seems to be that a tariff should equalise the cost of production as between foreign and home-made goods. The case against the Payne Tariff is that its duties are much higher than this principle requires. It puts the difference in cost of production very high-80 per cent. for yarn, and 100 per cent. further to make yarn into cloth. It is interesting to note that where there is a Trust, American domestic competition may prevent manufacturers from taking full advantage of a tariff. The duties on cloth average 184 per cent., but the price in the States exceeds the foreign price only by 67 per cent. To revise duties one by one on the basis of the native cost of production seems to be a curiously inverted process. The cost of producing any one article is largely determined by the general cost of living which, in its turn, depends on the general tariff itself.

Mr. Redford, the Examiner of Plays, has resigned. His resignation takes effect with the close of the year, when Mr. Brookfield's duties begin. It would seem, therefore, that the two events were connected. If so, the scandal is worse than ever. The author of "Dear Old Charlie" becomes sole Censor, and the blow in the face to public morality is unmitigated and undisguised. We hope that the serious portion of the public—that which frequents the theatre, and that which holds aloof in ignorance or suspicion of its character and tendencies—will now strongly intervene.

The first of the five test matches between England and Australia has yielded a victory for the Commonwealth by 146 runs. The English eleven was slightly overplayed in batting and bowling, while in fielding the elevens were practically equal. The victory appears to have been mainly due to the new Australian "googlie" bowler, Hordern, who took five wickets for eighty-five runs in England's first innings, and seven for ninety runs in her second, and disconcerted most of our players. England had a little the worst of the wicket and suffers from a too slight infusion of thoroughly seasoned cricketers.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PARTY.

THE Session of 1911 may justly be held to attest the power and vitality of Liberalism. Much is expected of a young Parliament; but the House of Commons elected last December was not even an ordinary British Legislature. It was the avenger of the humiliated House of 1906 and the abortive House of 1910. Had it failed in its appointed task of restoring primacy to the representative assembly, Liberalism would have been swept aside, and the Constitution must have taken a definitely conservative and anti-democratic form. It did not fail. At the proper moment the Crown was called in to adjust the threatened balance of power. The strange conduct of the Speaker in ruling the Budget to be no Money Bill may reveal one source of weakness in the Parliament Act; time may disclose others. But the general working of the new leaven in the constitutional system is clear. The Lords have surrendered. The once fiercely contested Scottish Land Act, against which Lord Rosebery and Scottish landlordism set their face, has passed with a formal protest. The Insurance Act, representing the widest measure of State interference with individual citizenship yet attempted by any British statesman, has been left wholly to the responsibility of the Government that framed it. None of the smaller social reforms-the Shops Act or the Mines Act-have Even to their rejection of two minor been touched. measures-the Naval Prize Bill and the Metropolitan Rate Bill—the Lords appended a timid foot-note that their motive was delay rather than destruction. Nor is this all. The attempt to collect the fallen stones of the old House of Lords and build a strong Second Chamber out of them has been abandoned. The task of reconstruction is now avowedly resigned to the authors of the Parliament Act. We do not see how it can be declined so long as the right of revision, implicitly left to the Upper House, is, in fact, withheld owing to the extreme pressure at which the revived House of Commons works. Next year will see the full fruits of the predominance of the Commons. While they are being garnered, it will be impossible to deny to the Lords their allotted share in government on a bi-cameral plan. If we elect for Single-Chamber government, no such provision need be made. But as the Ministry have rejected that solution, some living shape, consistent with the spirit of democracy, must be framed for the revising body.

The Liberal Party therefore owes to the Prime Minister the great boon of the revival and re-equipment of the representative power. It was only proper that this reversion to the true constitutional balance should have been accompanied by payment of members. That is a step in advance. The nation looks away from the old, and in some respects fruitful, reign of the middle and professional classes to seek a closer reflection of the mind of the entire community. The change must benefit the Labor Party no less than the two older combinations. The average Liberal and Conservative member is made a little freer of his caucus and his whips; the Labor man is encouraged to regard himself more as a representative

of the whole people, and less as the advocate of an industry or a group of wage-earners. This, in view of the growing power of the Executive, is a necessary development. Modern politics represents a highly organised function. A great machinery exists, backed by money and social and political pressure, to keep a Ministry in power and its followers in order. Payment of members qualifies this pressure, and fortifies the representative principle against it and against the security of tenure which the Parliament Act confers on an active Liberal Government. It will clearly be a special object with Home Rulers and Welsh Liberals to keep the present Ministry in office at least up to the hour when the House has seen Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment through the allotted three rejections of these measures by the House of Lords. In return, it will be the duty of the Cabinet to avoid an undue strain on party loyalty on the debatable ground covered by Sir Edward Grey's Continental and Persian policy. Parliament Act sets up a new relationship between the governing forces in politics. That relationship must be fairly interpreted. Parliamentary Liberalism has already intervened in the matter of the growth of expenditure, and the Prime Minister has wisely accepted its plea for a new form of Parliamentary control. resort to the guillotine to closure Estimates is of necessity abusive when employed against a body with the traditions of the House of Commons. The new Committee merely restores to it part of the power it had lost.

All things considered, however, the Parliament Act must be regarded as a great liberating agent. It has rescued Liberalism directly for work so large and adventurous as the Budget of 1909, and the Insurance and Unemployment Act, and indirectly has spared it for the culminating stroke of freedom and appeasement in India. We can now look back on the years that have passed since 1906, and see a united and pacified South Africa, an India saved from a second Mutiny, and a home population of workers secured in the incalculable benefits of Free Trade, and blessed with such alleviations of their lct, such fortifications of their physical life, as Old Age Pensions and the Compensation and Insurance Acts can secure. Government have gone through a period of severe social disturbance. They have not merely survived it, but they have shown great energy, great skill, in piloting our industries through the storm. These are feats comparable with those of the Grand Ministry of 1868. But it was inevitable that virtue should go out of a body of statesmen after an effort of concentration like the Parliament Act. We anticipate no further loss from the Home Rule controversy. The trouble will come when the public realises, amid the dangerous strain of an overloaded programme, the division in the Cabinet on woman suffrage, and divines the failure of its new Continental policy. We confess that we see with some foreboding a Prime Minister pledged to an active prosecution of his views on the suffrage and his two most powerful lieutenants committed to an equally active furtherance of their opposite opinion, the two forces meeting in full clash on the floor of the House of Commons and then turning to each other in dramatic reconciliation and self-surrender over the victorious cause. We should have thought it better for both parties to neutralise each other by silence rather than by speech.

Here, however, is ground for tactics, even though it be quaking ground, and in tactics the Prime Minister's loyal and placable temper is an element of high value to his party. But foreign policy is a matter less of tactics than of principle; and its leading issues have been fought out again and again on the historic battle-grounds of Liberalism. The important correspondent who signs himself "E.," offers in another column a reasoned and moderate defence of Sir Edward Grey's policy. He assumes, as its author assumes, that it has two fixed points, an "undisturbed" adherence to our present relationship to France, and the maintenance of the present relative strength of the British and German fleets. In effect, the two points are one; for if the French attachment persists under the conditions which governed it during the Morocco imbroglio, the strength of the two fleets will also be represented by an ever-growing equation, and, incidentally, an ever-increasing exhaustion of national strength. Is this the case? If so, we represent in Europe, by a secret but wellunderstood understanding with France, a fixed anti-German element in a balance of power which we have created and sustain. It is no longer a question of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904. That agreement is fulfilled; but the fact represents no closed bargain, no true or significant date in European diplomacy. It is an interval in a continuing engagement, which supersedes the Liberal-Conservative policy on which, for nearly one hundred years, a succession of statesmen of widely differing views maintained a Free Hand for this island Power, equally for humanitarian purposes and for specially British interests. At this point we reach a distinction between Sir Edward Grey's reading of his policy and "E.'s" reserved adhesion to it. While the Foreign Secretary treats Morocco as an episode, not a terminal event in our diplomacy, "E." points clearly to the necessity of a change of temper and attitude towards Germany, and indicates, with equal precision, the reasons for such a change. "No one," he says, "who has watched the course of foreign policy for the last seven years can doubt that Germany has good reason to complain of the sentiments and action of England whenever or wherever Germany has made any move, the effect of which was to extend her political influence or her territorial possessions in the sunnier portions of the earth's surface." This is strong criticism. Is it a true view of the general relations of the Foreign Office to German statesmanship? If it is, and if the desirability of modifying those relations is acknowledged, the breach between the Government and the Liberal Party will begin to close. But if there is no change, the sympathies of Liberalism must be more and more widely detached from the diplomacy pursued in its name. For, apart from the grave and imminent perils of the policy of Continental alliances, or quasi-alliances, in which we give all and risk all, the voice of England in foreign affairs must then become more and more like the voice of Metternich and less and less like the voice of Canning, or of Gladstone, or even of Palmerston.

COMPROMISE IN CHINA.

THE Chinese crisis has reached the stage at which the stronger Naval Powers think it necessary to deny that they intend to interfere. Nothing could well be worse, unless it were a guarantee of the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire. The intimation, if the Chinese are wise, will be promptly obeyed, and the two parties to the civil war will come to terms without undue delay. So far, there has apparently been nothing worse than a little "friendly pressure" exercised to hasten the negotiations. The delegates of North and South, meeting at Shanghai, have received a call from the Consuls-General of France, the United States, Russia, Germany, and Great Britain. One account declares that they urged the merits of constitutional monarchy, and advised a settlement in this sense. The Frenchman and the American, we suppose, explained the beauty of royalty, while the Russian expounded the meaning of a Constitution. We are left in ignorance of the Chinese reply, but it was no doubt polite, and may have been a little sceptical. The real conclusion, if the Chinese can read it, is that civil war is a luxury which only the rich and the strong may permit themselves in the world we inhabit to-day. What may be done with impunity on the Seine or the Mississippi, must not rashly be attempted on the Yangtse. Pretext or excuse for intervention, the Chinese have given none. But when five Powers happen, each of them, to regard some group of provinces as "a legitimate sphere of aspiration," the only safe rule for their inhabitants is to avoid all abnormal happenings within them.

If the "Novoe Vremya" is well-informed in the sketch which it gives of Yuan-Shih-Kai's terms, a settlement should be no very difficult matter. indeed, feel but little scepticism about this document, for its terms are so original and so bizarre that no European mind could have had the audacity to invent them. To the European mind a Republic involves the absence of a king, and commonly marches under the Comtist motto, Ni Dieu ni Roi. But the subtlety of the practical intelligence of China has conceived perhaps the most audacious form of compromise of which history bears record. The monarchy is, indeed, to survive, but as a rudimentary organ without a function, buried inconspicuous in a body politic which lives its full existence and ignores it. China is to be, if these terms are accepted, a United States with a federal Republican Constitution. Her President will be directly elected for a term of four years, and will have in his hands the power of peace and war, controlled by a two-Chambered Parliament elected by the States. The little boy who is an Emperor to-day, with a heritage of autocracy awaiting his maturity, becomes a mere king, equal in ceremonial status with the President, excluded from all participation in politics, and allowed for his sole prerogative the amusement of appointing the officials of a Court where none will pay him honor. The idea seems to a Western mind so unnatural as to be quite impossible. probably it will appear to Orientals to be an arrangement quite consistent with usage. Kingship in the Far East has usually been a sacred rather than a secular position. The king was a personage so divine as to be almost

debarred from direct contact with human affairs. In him were centred the uncanny forces of luck and magic which controlled the seasons and chained the floods and winds. If he fell from his carriage, no hand dared raise him; he was more sacredly invisible than a lady of the harem. Every rite and taboo which common mortals observe when it suits them must in his case be literally fulfilled. Such was kingship in Korea, in Indo-China, and in old Japan. It followed that the secular authority commonly fell into the hands of some Mayor of the Palace, who might even found, as did the Shoguns of Japan, a rival and co-equal dynasty. The new King of China will be no more a cipher in worldly affairs than was the Mikado of Japan before 'the revolution, and the elected President of China will be no more powerful than was the hereditary soldierdictator of Japan. The plan in short is probably quite workable, and to the Chinese mind will seem reasonable and almost conventional. It has its decided advantages. The educated Chinese will be happy to know that their Manchu King counts for no more in their political life than the servants of his palace. The old conservative world of elderly officials and unlearned peasants will be satisfied to know that he is there to sacrifice in due form to his ancestors, and to perform the rites that ensure the due progression of the seasons and conciliate the capricious spirits of the heavens. The Chinese will have won everything which was their aim.

The whole cause of this most curious and promising revolution goes to suggest that for the rebels the constitution of the central authority is a secondary matter. They wanted to make an end of Manchu rule, and on this negative end their thoughts were centred rather than upon the erection of some strong government of their own. Each province asserted its own independence first, and thought only very late, and then half-heartedly, of the service which it might render to the general good. Chinese society is based on decentralisation and on the minimum of governmental interference. Each clan is virtually autonomous in its own region or village, and it is only in the towns peopled by men of divers origins that the machinery of a central administration, with the Manchu corps behind it, has ever implanted itself at all firmly. If the new Constitution prospers, its real attraction will probably be that it will permit the development of an autonomous and very varied life in the old provinces, which henceforward will be States. There will be room for the utmost diversity of pace, and the greatest latitude in experiment. Here a State will walk in the old paths, there a State, under the guidance of students and travelled natives, will rush ahead on the road which Japan has already travelled. When once the political upheaval is completed, it is probable that we shall see the enfranchised States sitting down one by one to sweep away the trammels of the past in a series of iconoclastic laws. To decree the unbinding of women's feet would be in itself to transform the whole social and economic life of the country by conferring on the women no mere legal or intellectual freedom but the literal physical power to move. Behind these changes lies the appalling problem of overpopulation. With a child mortality that beggars the

worst experience of European slums, and a birth-rate which makes the fertility of other races sterile, there is still, in spite of poverty, epidemic disease, famine, flood, and infanticide, an intolerable pressure of population on the means of subsistence, eked out though these are by inordinate labor and inconceivable ingenuity. How will this problem stand when the epidemics are checked, the infants saved from the effects of ignorance, the women restored to energy and health? There is not a fresh acre, even on the hill-sides, which can be reclaimed for cultivation, nor a borderland into which these crowded millions may expand. Unless the raising of the status of the women should of itself check this wasteful fertility, and the decay of the ancestral tradition limit the inordinate desire for progeny, the renaissance of China must make more than one world-problem. The solution may be found in emigration; but where, unless in South America, is there an empty land which can receive the wanderers? Or will the Chinese by developing manufactures and their export trade seek to supplement their resources by flooding Western markets with the produce of the cheapest labor in the world? A decade hence we may be able to guess the answer to these questions. A generation hence we may be called upon to adjust ourselves to the new fact.

THE GREAT SHIPPING COMBINE.

THE spirit of amalgamation is moving with great boldness and celerity in the commercial, financial, and industrial worlds. Railways, banking and insurance, shipbuilding and engineering, have in recent years made rapid and systematic attempts to escape from the hazard and wasteful expenditure of competition, and to substitute agreements, federations, and combinations. some time the great steam transport services on land and sea halted at the half-way house of periodic conferences, in which experiments were made in fixing rates and in distributing business. But the economy of combination was not thus exhausted. For great competing businesses there is no security of profitable peace short of actual amalgamation. Such an amalgamation, if it can be achieved, not merely effects enormous savings of expenses, but alone secures the control of markets and of prices which every great modern business strives to obtain.

Ten years ago an amalgamation of Atlantic lines was attempted by Mr. Pierpont Morgan with the object of forming a monopoly of trans-Atlantic shipping. The International Mercantile Marine Company, thus formed, failed to secure its main object. Its failure is commonly attributed to the excessive capitalisation of the combine, largely due to the enormous prices paid to the White Star and other British lines. Probably it would be more correct to attribute the failure to the inability to induce the great Cunard Company to come in. For with the Cunard Company in the combine, and a more drastic working arrangement with the German lines, which would then have been feasible, so effective a monopoly might have been established as to justify the adventurous finance of Mr. Morgan.

The shipping world is now confronted with an equally bold experiment in the absorption of the great Union-Castle line by the Royal Mail Company. Both these monster companies have been themselves the offspring of a process of amalgamation. The combination a few years ago of the two chief lines carrying between this country and South Africa, the Union and the Castle, removed all effective competition along this line of travel, and fastened upon the great African sub-continent a private commercial control, under which the Government and traders of South Africa have constantly been growing more restive. The Royal Mail Company, which has just bought up the Union-Castle, has pursued during the last few years an even more adventurous career of conquest. In 1908 it came into being as a union of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company and the Elder-Dempster lines, which latter, under the energetic policy of the late Sir Alfred Jones, had spread their services not merely to West Africa, but to the West Indies, Canada, and South Africa. Within two years of its formation the Royal Mail had swallowed up the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, plying with passenger ships to South America, while shortly afterwards it acquired the Glen and a controlling interest in another line in the Far Eastern trade. Last winter it completed its control of the South American trade by acquiring the controlling interest in the Lamport and Holt line.

The purchase of the Union-Castle makes the Royal Mail by far the largest combination in numbers of vessels and in scope of trade, though the actual tonnage of the new company does not greatly exceed that of the Atlantic combine. When we remember that one of the two active promoters of this latest coup is Lord Pirrie, of the White Star and Atlantic combine, we shall realise how rapidly the process of amalgamation is advancing in the shipping world. Those who are not shipping shareholders will be mostly concerned with speculating upon the effect this combination will have upon shipping rates. These combinations are always executed when trade is good and rates and profits in the shipping trade are unusually high. The Atlantic Combine was planned at a moment of unprecedented prosperity, when the supply of ships was conspicuously short of the demand. Now for some time past a similar wave of affluence has been passing over the shipping trade. This combine is obviously floated on the top of the wave. Public opinion, as attested by the Stock Exchange, appears to have endorsed the enormous price paid for the Castle-Union shares, more than three times their market value as it stood a few weeks ago. The Royal Mail shares themselves have shown a rise as a clear consequence of the latest deal. But the Stock Exchange and the large investing public are curiously susceptible to sanguine fits, and though part of their confidence may be explained by well-founded respect for the particularly able business men who command the amalgamation, a good deal may also be attributed to the impression which so magnificent an enterprise makes upon the imagination of the investing public. For business men, though priding themselves upon being hard, practical persons, are often very soft and malleable material for skilled processes of suggestion.

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Substantial economies may doubtless be effected in the expenses of control and management, and in the actual working of the united lines. But it would certainly appear that the first condition of financial success for the combine consists in its ability to maintain traffic-rates at or near the high level that at present prevails. Now, in order to do this, they must prevent that natural increase in the supply of shipping accommodation which hitherto has always been stimulated by high profits in the shipping industry. In other words, they must artificially restrict output in order to hold up prices. No doubt they will term this process the maintenance of fair or living rates, the avoidance of cut-throat competition, and will dwell upon the advantage to all parties of stable and reliable traffic-rates. But stability may be bought too dear, especially if it is fixed upon too high a level. If we mistake not, the commercial, and, to some extent, the travelling public, will come to realise before very long that in their traffic with the West Indies, South America, and the greater part of Africa, they lie in the grip of a monopoly powerful enough to demand rates a good deal higher than the average rates of recent years, and liable to eat into the narrow and fluctuating profits of trades which are not so well able to protect their interests by combination. We wait with especial interest the attitude of the South African Government towards the combine which so materially affects their commercial and postal relations with this country.

COMMERCE AND DIPLOMACY.

THERE are unmistakable signs of revolt in the commercial North against the ideas of the Foreign Office. On Thursday of last week, the Manchester Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution which, in substance if not in form, was a strong censure of its policy in Persia. The resolution urged the Government to resist Russia's breaches of the Convention, and it indicated that British commerce was not content to go on indefinitely paying the cost of our complaisance. It was moved in a speech which (except for one passage, dealing with disorders on the Southern roads) boldly bracketed the cause of Persian freedom, British commercial interests, and the maintenance of our position in India; and that it should have been carried without a dissentient voice by a body which usually eschews politics, and certainly numbers more Tories and Whigs than Liberals, shows how completely Foreign Office policy has lost touch, not merely with ideals, but with the practical and material interests of the country. For some time now Manchester and the Foreign Office have not been on the best of terms. Lord Salisbury, excellent Foreign Minister though he was, and Lord Lansdowne were both severely criticised for their indifference to trade. But it has been reserved for Sir Edward Grey to make the divorce between diplomacy and commerce complete, and never till now has the Foreign Office carried its absorption in the game of high politics to the point of oblivion to everything outside. Whatever interest the "game" may sometimes have for finance, it has none for commerce. A great community, dependent on foreign trade

for its existence, would naturally like its Foreign Office to have a trade policy and definite ideas of carrying it out; that, however, has long been past hoping for. Short of it, it is necessary that this country should have sufficient freedom from diplomatic entanglements to be able to secure redress for obvious injustice and to protect elementary rights. But it is just here that the failures of the Foreign Office have been most conspicuous. Its Morocco policy was quite out of relation with any conceivable British commercial interest; and British trade in Morocco will owe its survival to the Kaiser and not to Sir Edward Grey. Persia has been even worse. The disturbed state of the southern roads is directly traceable to the attacks of Russia in the North, but the Foreign Office will do everything and offend anybody rather than speak the sharp word necessary to recall Russia to a proper respect for her promises. It is not through ill will, but through the diplomatists' habit of regarding nations as pieces in a conventional game of their own invention, and not as aggregations of men with passions, generous or ignoble, with political and moral principles, and even with their livings to earn.

Another example of the failure of diplomacy to protect commercial interests is the case of the "Oldhamia." This was a steamer captured and sunk by the Russians in the war with Japan. She was carrying lighting oil, a cargo twice declared to be non-contraband, first by the Russian Consul-General at Shanghai, and later by the Russian Foreign Office, in reply to a question addressed to it through the British Embassy. There never was a clearer case for compensation; for even if the "Oldhamia" had been carrying contraband, her destruction would have been a criminal act for which the captor or the Russian Government would have owed compensation. Even if refined petroleum were capable of being used as fuel by warships and, therefore, of being conditional contraband, the capture would still have been bad, because it was not shown that this particular cargo was intended for naval use. If the "Oldhamia" was rightly condemned, then any cargo of foodstuffs for this country would be lawful prize in war. Therefore, the general duty laid on the Foreign Office of protecting our commerce was reinforced by the most urgent considerations of public policy, for nothing is so important to this country as a proper definition of contraband. All this the Foreign Office seems to have recognised. It encouraged the owners of the "Oldhamia" to appeal to the Supreme Court against the condemnation of the Libau Court, under the promise that if the result was a denial of justice the Foreign Office would intervene diplomatically. So, indeed, it did, after the Supreme Court had upheld the condemnation. It argued the case well, but all to no purpose. Possibly a commission of ten per cent. to certain high Russian officials would have had more effect than all its representations. At any rate, the owners of the "Oldhamia" are still awaiting compensation, and while shipping and commercial people are amazed at this failure of diplomacy to obtain it, the Foreign Office is apparently unconvinced that it has not rather distinguished itself. It shelters behind the argument that when the Naval Prize Bill is carried

(that it has not been carried has been due mainly to the same lack of touch between diplomacy and commercial opinion) there will be an International Prize Court to make the same kind of injustice impossible in the future. It argues, moreover, that £60,000, the amount of compensation claimed, was in any case not worth going to war about.

In discussions both on Persia and on the "Oldhamia" the Foreign Office has challenged its critics to say whether they want it to go to war to enforce their views. But if this argument were sound, it would be an admission of diplomatic bankruptcy. The business of diplomacy is to obtain justice without recourse to war, and if it fails when its case is impregnably strong, as in these instances, there is a screw loose somewhere. Either diplomacy is not doing its best, or it is incompetent. diplomacy is often incompetent is very likely, because it so rarely has the advantage of public criticism, and the various accounts of the conversations between the German Ambassador and our Foreign Office last July confirm the suspicion that if diplomacy is the art of making oneself understood, its practice is, indeed, at a But the more likely explanation is that diplomacy has not been trying its best to secure either compensation for the owners of the "Oldhamia" or fair play for Persia. We do not mean that there was any positive indifference on the part of the Foreign Office, but that, however strongly it may have felt about injustice in Persia or to British shipowners, it felt still more strongly the importance of doing nothing to offend Russia. It is the shadow of Germany over the Foreign Office. As though you could build up a friendship on a succession of wrongs meekly endured, or as though Russia would ever lift a finger to help us in a quarrel with Germany that was not her own! Either an ideal or a "real" foreign policy would serve this country well. But the policy of the Foreign Office is neither the one nor the other, but rather a Quixotic tilt at the hobgoblins of " high " politics.

THE CONSERVATISM OF SCIENCE.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY has been collecting protests from Fellows of the Royal Society against government by Cabinet and in favor of the postponement of the Insurance Bill. It appears that 116 distinguished physicists, chemists, physiologists, botanists, &c., have signed the protest, while only two have recorded a contrary opinion. The opinions of the 116 are, perhaps, more valuable on questions of physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, &c., than on questions of social reform. But it is one of the established practices of the day to get a man who knows a great deal about one thing to make an authoritative utterance about something else. So we cannot complain of Sir William Ramsay. What does impress us as peculiar is that the scientific mind should be so slow in awaking to the situation. The Insurance Bill has been before the country since the beginning of May. Why protest when it has just been carried into law in December? The methods by which the Bill was carried are open, if you will, to criticism. But what are we to say of the methods by which it has been opposed? It is futile to complain of Cabinet despotism when the regular Opposition begins by acclaiming the Bill and at the last declines to take the responsibility of a direct negative to the third reading, and when the same Opposition in the House of Lords refuses to exercise its still-remaining power of rejection. The Bill has gone through, not by the tyranny of the Cabinet, but at bottom because, whatever its defects, it held the field as the only practical solution.

We agree with these great lights of science that the power of the Cabinet is too great, but we confess to some surprise at their sudden zeal against "oligarchical government." There is a touch of rhetoric here which is hardly in keeping with the cold precision of exact science. The Cabinet consists no doubt of a mere handful of men, but it is, after all, responsible; its power is terminable, and it is indirectly representative. The manifesto, we see, claims the right of initiative and criticism for both Houses of Parliament. But the House of Lordswhich so far as it has lost these two particular powers, has done so entirely through its own inertia-is a real oligarchy, small in numbers, irresponsible, and, till the Parliament Act was passed, enjoying an authority which could not be terminated. We, too, desire to see the authority of Cabinets held in check, but non tali auxilio. We do not recall any protest of the Royal Society against any Conservative measure, nor do its distinguished members concern themselves with the class of questions which have been by far the most completely and most conspicuously withdrawn from Parliamentary controlquestions of foreign policy.

The temper of science at the present day is in fact strangely conservative. It was not always so. As long as science had something substantial to fear from religious intolerance it was, on the whole, allied with liberty, and through liberty with the cause of democracy in general. But liberty of opinion being once established, science has no common interest to unite it on the side of social progress, while several influences, apart from the interests of the educated class to which its professors belong, tell in the contrary direction. To begin with, there is the influence of biology, which, as applied to social affairs, is for ever attempting to trace all human ideas to congenital faults of human beings; to disparage the value of institutional reforms; to take success and failure as tests of merit and demerit; and to regard the heightened sense of common responsibility principally as an obstacle to the efficient working of natural selection. But beyond this there are more general causes. Science, though it has recently exploded matter, remains in the essentials of its method materialistic, whereas any doctrine of social progress, whatever its formulæ, is in essence religious. This is not to say that social progress can dispense with a reasoned or, indeed, with a thoroughly scientific account of human affairs. Cause and effect are to be found in the life of society as elsewhere, and we cannot insist too strongly on the constant need of a dispassionate observation of the manner of their working. But the religious spirit takes account of causes which science does not readily admit, and, what is more important, it is conscious in itself of a force which gathers strength from self-confidence. It was a favorite

saying of Herbert Spencer that there is no alchemy by which we can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts. This is to the social reformer a compendium of what Man's instincts are not is false in social philosophy. They are a strange alloy of noble and base metal. It is not an alchemy that is needed to transmute them. It is a purifying process which brings out the true self and purges away the dross, and this purifying process is not an automatic tendency which the observer has merely to register like a specific gravity or the temperature at which liquid boils, but depends on the conscious efforts of men themselves, on the enthusiasm and passion of leaders, on the loyalty and faith of followers. These are forces not easy to measure, not readily formulated in differential equations, but none the less real, and for the life and growth of society the leading realities. We recall-to take a single small instance where these impalpable forces were distinctly matched against figures—the proofs given many years ago of the actuarial unsoundness of some of the leading trade unions. It was all quite clear in black and white. It could be shown as a matter of statistical demonstration that by all the rules of science the unions were bankrupt. But after all the years that have passed, the very unions attacked are more flourishing than ever. In defiance of all the rules, they have won the game, and that for a very simple reason. The actuaries forgot the element of trade union loyalty, and the consequent power of the unions to levy at need. The same mistake is made in greater things. The life force of society is always in being, but it is not always operating with even vigor. It may gain or lose faith in itself, and as it gains or loses, there is progress or torpor.

A true and concrete science of society takes these forces into account, though it realises the difficulty of measuring them. But here, again, it has to differentiate itself from the methods of the physical and even of some of the social sciences. Science in our own time has won its greatest triumph by a specialisation which constantly becomes more extreme and more minute. But if there is anything clear in the science of society it is that the life of society is a whole in which every part is intimately related to the remainder. A sound sociology recognises in those vital forces to which religion appeals precisely the basis of unity which it seeks, and in consequence it treats all the results of specialism as merely provisional. Thus in the conflict between the religious and the scientific spirit the science of society has a paradoxical part to play. It has to recognise that the fuller and deeper, and therefore the more scientific, view of its peculiar field is that which appeals to the religious rather than the scientific mind in the ordinary sense of the term. It is forced to this conclusion as one of the fundamental facts of its own subject-matter regarded as a science. The "faith of the social reformer" is one of its leading data, without which history becomes unintelligible, just as the future becomes dark. But to the science which knows nothing of such imponderable forces all these things are foolishness, and for it the field of social reform remains one of dim conjecture or unwarranted dogmatism, and those who experiment therein are set down as enthusiasts or as charlatans.

Life and Letters.

INTEGRITY AND INDEPENDENCE.

A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE.

Now that we are on the topic of Empire-building, we are indeed lucky to have in our company Thrasymenes, just returned from Asia. You are, we know, a good deal of an expert in this business of Imperial expansion, Thrasymenes; or ought I rather to call it an art?

Yes, indeed, O Socrates, and a fine art too, and quite the largest of the fine arts in its scope and aims.

Excellent! For I see, Thrasymenes, that you are not only an expert but an enthusiast. You are evidently the very man Eubulus here and I are looking for. For in our talk of Empire-making, we have been fumbling with mere phrases and ideas, having at hand no practical experience to guide us. We both supplicate you to lighten our darkness.

I will do my best, Socrates, though, as you are lecturing is not much in my line. "Deeds, not aware, lecturing is not much in my line. words," is my motto.

Certainly, it is deeds we too are after. But I suppose I should be right in seeking for a purpose in your deeds.

Assuredly; and a really elevated purpose, for it is nothing less than the civilisation of the world that we are after. For this is the destiny and mission of an

Imperial race.

It is indeed a grand goal you set before us, Thrasymenes, and for one who sets so little store on words, you phrase it admirably. Such a task as you describe, I suppose, is not for everybody to undertake. I presume that some rare quality distinguishes those to whom Nature assigns this destiny, or Providence this mission?

Yes, indeed, the quality is rare enough; it is the power of organising things which we call efficiency man, or a nation, having this talent must not hide or waste it. If he is a business man, he must extend his organising power into a Trust. A people must use this quality of soul to make an Empire. And, indeed, this is no chance analogy between business and politics. the enlightened moralist will recognise that Empire is nothing else than a political Trust, undertaken by the efficient nation in the wider interest of civilisation.

Pray, halt a moment here, Thrasymenes, for Eubulus and I are a little out of breath with your

expansive mode of argument.

Yes, indeed, Socrates, added Eubulus, whose face had been visibly swelling with pent-up expostulation; if Thrasymenes will let us, I would like to go back a few steps in this Imperial progress.

Well, where is it that you get stuck?

It is just here. You say, Thrasymenes, that it is the destiny and mission of the efficient people to take in hand and organise the inefficient people, and that in this way the civilisation of the world is advanced.

Yes, that is what I maintain.

But how is one to know which is the efficient nation? But now is one to know which is the emicient hation:
If that is your difficulty, it is soon solved. For it
belongs to the very nature of efficiency to recognise
itself. The efficient nation simply asserts itself, and by
the very act of doing so, attests its efficiency.
But surely, Thrasymenes, that isn't the way in
which other services of trust are regulated.

What do you mean?

Why, a servant or a clerk is not usually taken on a character he writes himself. And a money-lender wants some other security than the self-recommendation of the borrower before he makes a loan. Do you really consider the profession which a nation makes of its superior efficiency as a sufficient warrant for taking in hand the organisation of another nation?

Pardon me, Eubulus. To the practical statesman the points you raise seem nothing else than academic quibbles. The nation that is conscious of its efficiency simply sees a piece of work ahead and does it. The proof

of the efficiency is the effect.

If I may interpose, said Socrates, I would suggest that in the investigation of so elusive an art we should postpone our judgment alike of motives and effects until the process or practice of the art itself is clearly seen. I would, therefore, seek to learn from Thrasymenes precisely how the efficient nation deals with the backward State which it seeks to civilise. It does not, I presume, go at it by sheer brute force, like a bull with its head down for the charge.

No, indeed, it does not, Socrates. The approved methods are those of peaceful penetration, the approach,

not of an enemy, but of a benefactor.

That is excellent! But it appears to involve an initial difficulty. For if, as you show, it belongs to the efficient nation to recognise its efficiency, it would seem to belong to the backward or inefficient nation not to recognise its efficiency. Will not that be so? And will not the inefficient one be somewhat religious to receive the approaches of its benefactor?

Why, yes, Socrates; history shows the inefficient to be extremely obstinate in this regard, especially if they suspect the bona fides of the approach? tyro in the art of Imperialism knows this. The veriest

I suppose, then, your first work must be directed

chiefly to disarm these unworthy suspicions?

Quite right. So the first steps are in no sense political. Indeed, the Imperial power is careful to keep quite out of sight. It simply allows or encourages some of its citizens to enter the country it has marked down for ultimate absorption, as traders for their private profit, as explorers, or as missionaries. And when the country is a little better known, and sufficient confidence of its rulers has been won or bought, other citizens obtain permission to work mines or plantations, or to lend money to the rulers of the inefficient State.

But are not these commercial and other dealings

very dangerous for those who undertake them?

Why, yes, indeed; but these private dangers are the very seeds of Imperialism.

How do you make that out?

Well, you see, it works like this. In a simple, backward people, each of these intrusions makes for general disorder. The traders, who bring guns and strong drink, foment intestine feuds; new trade routes act as a demand for brigands; the miners and other foreign settlers get at loggerheads with the inhabitants; and, best of all, generous loans stimulate extravagance and make for bankruptcy.

Best of all, indeed! But how can the noble fruits of civilisation grow from such baleful seeds as these?

Ah, it is just here that we enter the arcana of our art. The disorder thus produced becomes intolerable. The property, nay, the very lives, of our valuable subjects are imperilled. These cry out to their government to save them. And so the government, which has been waiting, has then to intervene.

You mean it annexes the country?

Why, no such thing! Nothing could be further from its action or professions—at this stage. It merely intimates that compensation must be made to its injured subjects, and that better order must be kept than an inefficient government is capable of keeping. And next, as the disorder continues, it offers its disinterested advice and assistance to enable the rulers to perform their duties in a more satisfactory manner.

But does not this move arouse the very suspicions which you said just now it was so desirable to allay?

Why, yes, it does, And this is where the moral capital of an efficient Imperial race comes in so useful.

What exactly do you mean, Thrasymenes?

I mean the faith or confidence which the rulers of the backward state will naturally repose in the plighted word or declaration of a great civilised state. For the stage we have now reached is one that requires this place.

What pledge do you mean?

I mean a bold, uncompromising undertaking to maintain for ever the integrity and independence of the backward state. For only by this means could an open rupture of relations be avoided, and the game of peaceful penetration be continued.

I quite realise the value of such a pledge. I apprehend is the precise point where the political pro-

cess of absorption really begins.

Yes; and that is why the pledge should be given with full formality. And if there should happen two Imperial Powers alike devoted to this civilising mission who will jointly pledge themselves to this sacred duty, so much the better, for the moral security is doubled.

But may they not find it inconvenient at a later

stage to keep this pledge?

That indeed, O Socrates, may well happen. But in that case they will redeem it by another pledge of greater

But what can be of greater value than indepen-

dence?-broke in Eubulus.

Nothing, perhaps, for you, with your narrow nationalism. But others would hold that a larger, truer liberty is found in forming part of a great civilised

But, said Socrates, our present business is, I take it, not to judge, but to trace the actual process of Imperial expansion. Now the stage we have reached at present is an early one. But I suppose you architects of Empire

have a name for each stage.

Yes, indeed. It is all excellently graded in the guage of diplomacy. The country that is being language of diplomacy. watched by a civilising power, which as yet has only inserted trade "feelers," is called "a sphere of interest." But when the disorder has gone far enough to call for pacific intervention, it passes into "a sphere of influence."

But stop a minute, Thrasymenes! put in Eubulus. Haven't you forgotten one item in your list of "spheres"? I don't think so. But what is it, Eubulus?

Why, that valuable expression "a legitimate sphere of aspiration," quite the most illuminative of the phrases, which describes so accurately the present attitude of civilising powers towards China.

And a very good phrase too, say I, and a very proper attitude for the trustees of world-civilisation. What say

you, Socrates?

I am still waiting, all agog, Thrasymenes, to learn

the final processes in your art.

Why, to tell the truth, Socrates, after once the "sphere of influence" has been safely entered, everything runs quite smoothly, and the further processes of absorption are so nearly automatic that the most inexpert of Foreign Ministers can hardly fail.

But I suppose there is an orthodox method of com-

pletion?

Why, yes, and sometimes it takes a considerable time, especially when, as sometimes happens, two rival benefactors begin the civilising process upon the same

Why, what will happen then?

Well, instead of proceeding in a single step from sphere of influence to plain protectorate, the power that has gone furthest in the swallowing process will declare "a veiled protectorate."

And what exactly does that come to?

It has been described as a situation where the civilising power is "in a position to give authoritative advice" to the rulers of a country still in nominal possession of its independence.

And how is this authority exercised?

Why, the method is simplicity itself. Behind the native ruler you set a ruler of your own, native official is duplicated by an official of the civilising power. And for the rest, though you allow the native ruler to appoint his servants, you reserve a veto upon those who are appointed.

But isn't this a direct breach of the pledge of

independence?

I admit it looks a little like it. But, after all, you must remember these Oriental people don't regard promises and declarations with that meticulous that meticulous

scrupulosity that obtains among us. Besides, the civilising power generally guards itself by some provision relating to "the force of circumstances."

This "force of circumstances," I take it, said Eubulus, is a sort of sudden twist in the stream of

Destiny which carries the Imperialist nation to port.

Yes, and a very serviceable twist sometimes. But, Socrates, my tale is nearly told. For when the veil is removed from the protectorate, the absorption is practically complete. The step to an administrative province is a short and easy one. For disorders will continue to arise from time to time in the best-regulated protectorate, and these will compel the protector to tighten the grasp of his protecting arm and gather his protégé into a closer political embrace.

With what unction you describe the process of deglutination and absorption, Thrasymenes, and quite convincingly, if Imperialism were merely a matter of

specious phraseology.

Whatever can you mean, Socrates? described the practice as exactly as I could, concealing

Yes; but I fancy that one quite important truth was

in danger of escaping our notice.

What is that?

The truth that each step in the practice of this art is a squandering of that "efficiency" which, as you have shown, is the vis motrix of the process.

I really don't understand you, Socrates.

Well, I will make my meaning plain. Each one of those slippery phrases which your art employs carries with it by necessity a slippery action, and each of these slippery actions simply cancels so much of the faith in your good intentions which constitutes your fund of moral efficiency. The actual process which you describe is simply the killing of the liberty of a weaker by a stronger nation. All your phrases cannot hide this fact. But their smoothness costs your nation very dear all the same-dearer even than you understand.

Why, indeed, Socrates, we are well aware how heavy is the burden which this civilising mission lays upon us. I doubt, Thrasymenes, if you have even an inkling

of the real cost. I mean the back-stroke of Imperialism. Why, what is that?

It is the destruction of liberty in that nation which destroys the liberty of another. For Nemesis works surely and accurately this way. To kill the liberty of another people is to strike a blow at the spirit of liberty This surely is the inner meaning of that proat home. verb, "What shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul"? For nothing less than this is the cost of the career of duplicity and treachery which you describe. And your vindication and approval of it is a simple measure of the moral degradation it This unctuous rectitude of the civilising mission is the last penalty but one for the nation that commits itself to an Imperial career.

The last but one, said Eubulus; pray, Socrates,

what is this last?

Oh, there remains one lower depth than that of slayer of liberty. It is the state of soul of that nation which, like Saul in the legend, holds the cloak of another tyrant that he may stone the life out of the helpless nation whose integrity and independence he has undertaken to preserve.

THE PHILOSOPHIC CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS has survived so much that it may well hope to defy even the philosopher. It survived Christianity itself by a triumph of adaptation. The rosy pagans who transformed the feast of the winter solstice, with its wassail and its nature rites, into the festival of the Nativity achieved what is, perhaps, the world's supreme triumph of tact. They met the new ascetic religion with a shout of goodwill, warmed its monasticism at their solar fires, melted its abstinence with good cheer, and dissolved its doubts and prohibitions in a smile of geniality and comradeship. The records of the process are lost in the glooms of unrecorded history, but we can still

imagine something of the conflicts and the controversies which the conversion of the heathen tradition was last achieved. We may be sure that zealous missionaries thundered their curses against the wanton practices of their uncouth flocks. We can see their unlucky converts waking in all the depression that attends the grey morning after the feast to discover themselves amid the wreckage of boar's head and mead bowl and mistletoe, cowering beneath the terrors of excommunica-We can do homage to the wit of the ecclesiastic who first conceived the bold design of reconciling piety with social usage. There were Jesuits before Loyola, and artists in diplomacy before the Propaganda. They adapted where they could not destroy, and sanctified the tradition which they could not eradicate. The Reformation came near dealing its fatal blow to Christmas in the sterner of Protestant countries. Knox banished it for some generations, only to drive it forward a week into the godless saturnalia of a Scottish New Day. But Papist practices reign once more in the land which he had cleared of vanities. Christmas has returned to Scotland, smiling and garlanded, like the train of young Bacchus, who conquered "old Tartary the fierce." To-day, if we are to believe Mr. Arnold Bennett, the

danger to Christmas comes from the spirit of rationalism. A festival which has survived the hammer of John Knox is assailed by the finer tools of Huxley and Spencer. What with the Higher Criticism and comparative mythology, we are supposed to be altogether too wise about its origins. So he casts about for some sanction in morals and reason. He would rationalise it and "re-vivify" it from a constant stream of new ideas. He would turn it out, sterilised and cleansed of superstition, a sort of "modified" milk of human kindness, fresh from a sociological dairy. We are to call it "the Feast of St. Friend," and its gospel is written in very large print, within imitation ivory covers, in a booklet which bears this pretty title, with the imprimatur of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Christmas has survived much; it will survive this also. Like the prehistoric Jesuit who sanctioned the usages of our ancestors, Mr. Bennett is tolerant of established customs. He approves of feasting. He likes Christmas carus.

Dresents. He invites us rather to a more deliberate and presents. He invites us rather to a more deliberate and presents. methodical exercise of the instinct of goodwill. We are, if we seize his meaning, to mark down, Christmas by Christmas, some one individual or some section of the human race for a deliberate exercise of the imaginative understanding. When we have thoroughly " one, we may turn to another, and the process is, in each case, to put ourselves in his place, and realise, with the aid of feasting and presents, precisely why he is tiresome and difficult, and precisely how this tiresomeness, rightly considered, is a very precious quality. The prescription certainly has its possibilities. One can imagine a very piquant series of festivities designed on Mr. Arnold Bennett's formula. One sees in fancy the Peace Societies inviting the Italian military attaché to discuss the seizure of Tripoli at a banquet of shredded wheat and barley water. At the Hotel Cecil the "Die-hard" sits down to understand the "Ditcher," and the Halsbury Club gives a Christmas dinner to the Lost Leader. At Clement's Inn the suffragettes settle down to achieve the imaginative feat of understanding Mr. Lloyd George. Irish Party entertains Mr. O'Brien, while Mr. Ellis Griffith dines at Lambeth Palace, and a brilliant gathering of dramatists overwhelms Mr. Redford and "Dear Old Charlie " with its hospitality, and feasts them before a Christmas-tree hung with censored plays. was getting a little dull, a trifle conventional. such a programme as this, one certainly might "re-vivify" its faded splendors.

For our part, we contest the whole set of premises on which Mr. Bennett founds his proposals for the reform of Christmas. We do not want reform. We are ready to resist this Fabian permeation of our traditions. We want a goodwill that is instinctive and thoroughly unintelligent. The good-natured man can love his enemies, and the wise man knows better than to try and understand them. We are quite ready to sit down beside them, and crown them with mistletoe, and sing a carol

to their bass; but when we are invited to imagine their inner mind, we think we can conceive a jollier occupation for Christmas Day. One may fairly expect the Innocents to stretch out their little throats to the knife, but it is asking too much to invite them to put themselves in Herod's place. There are 364 consecutive days, and in Leap Year there are even 365, in which to perform these psychological exercises. But Christmas comes but once a year, and even a Fabian has a right to be simpleminded for once. Nor are we disposed to quit our superwithout a struggle. Matthew Arnold immortalised the Bishop who resolved to do something for the Trinity. We would do something even for the Winter Solstice. The continuity of Christmas is its chiefest glory. It is not so much the feast of St. Friend as the feast of St. Ancestor. So far from stripping it of its antiquarian trappings, we would conserve them and stereotype them. We meet our neighbors on all seven days of the week. But it is only at Christmas that we stand in a great chorus with the ghosts of our forefathers. The heathen have not quitted us. The Druids live beside The dim cohorts of Roman us as lively as the waits. legionaries who carried the sun-cult of Mithras into the outermost regions of barbarism tramp unseen into our festival. The early Christian and the medieval monk join us, smiling and genial. We have the shepherds and the Magi for our guests, and we seat ourselves at the good cheer, the heirs of many centuries. On this day we are as old as mankind and as young as the singing cherubim. We read the Oriental history as a native and contemporary document. The pictures of Florentines and Flemings hang around us a splendid tapestry old as the hills and as fresh as our children's eyes. The gold and frankincense of Mabuse's Kings, glittering in the National Gallery, have become a present vision, and the figured basses of Handel ring to our ears as modern and as homely as our mother's lullables. We count our centuries only that we overleap them, and number our years only that we baptise them on this day with an Anno Domini. It is the festival of the world's grey hairs, and at each renewal it turns their silver to the flaxen of a Child.

"BONE OF MY BONE."

In those sweet Victorian days, that look so easy and innocent now, good, kind teachers used to say that "wife" meant "the weaver"; and they would draw a picture of gentle womanhood moving gracefully to and fro beside the loom, weaving raiment or tapestries of exquisite design and color, something in the William Morris style. They told their students, too, that "Lady" meant "the loaf-giver." Whereat tender philosophers used to cry, "Bless her dear heart!" and again they would draw a picture of beneficent dames in kirtle, stomacher, and farthingale (or whatever they wore in those chivalrous ages), stepping down the hall to present the fragrant loaves to kneeling varlets with gratefully uplifted eyes. How happy everyone was to hear it! Each vision was as good as a Christmas card with a robin in the foreground and a snowy church behind; or as a Dickens's Christmas carol, with a savor of roast goose and punch; or as a glimpse of the real old cheaping-stead, resurrected by arts and crafts. Why did time and truth come to change it all so savagely?

Cruel professors tell us now that they do not exactly know what "wife" means. They are quite sure it has nothing to do with weaving. They say we get the same word in "woman," which was "wifman," and we have heard them connect it with something that meant "to tremble." So, too, with "Lady"; not "loaf-giver," they say, but "toiler at the kneading-trough." In place of that gracious donor of free meals, we are given a poor drudge, with arms stuck deep in sticky dough. In place of that elegant executant of medieval Liberty stuffs, we are shown a cowering, shivering victim of male brutality or passion. We are back at the stage of forest savagery, such as Africa still shows, where all day long

you may hear the woman pounding, pounding at the maize with her four-foot pestle, worked with both arms, while strapped between her shoulders a baby joggles its black head at every blow, and her husband plays a native variety of "Archer-up" with beans upon the sand. Or, worse still, we are back in the twilight of an oozing cavern, to which a shaggy creature has dragged by her hair a creature only less shaggy, and, standing over her with a log, whereto he has spliced a jagged flint, presents a scene most shocking

to genteel sensibilities.

In his little book on "The Wife in Ancient and Modern Times" (Williams & Norgate), Mr. Ernest Schuster does not take us so far in time or space as those disturbing etymologists. Still less does he show us glimpses of the dimly discerned zons when, as we may suppose, incipient man followed the analogy of other beings, among whom the female holds the power, and the male lays himself out to attract her notice by superior personal recommendations of color, crest, or agility in dancing. It is the cock robin upon whose breast a fuller crimson comes in the spring; the wanton cock lapwing that in the same season gets himself another crest; and the gentleman crane that gyrates so elegantly to win favor in the eyes of the supercilious "demoiselle." Or go to the bee, you fashionable lady; consider her ways and be wise; how she feeds the silly drones that preen themselves in sunny idleness, proud of their beautiful eyes and golden, tawny hair, fattening on milk and honey, till the fated hour comes and, the function of one among them being fulfilled, with virgin joy she stings and bites and scratches all the rest to death, clearing their pretty corpses from the hive as so much untidy lumber and rubbish that must be dusted up. also was the old belief that the she-adder, when she had enough of him, bit off the head of her adoring and trustful mate. His burnished coppery scales, the dark brown diamonds all down his sinuous back, availed him nothing. One sharp snap, and the weary monotony of matrimonial life was broken for ever; for the female of that species at all events was more deadly than the male.

So it has been through most of creation, or perhaps through all, till the level of man was reached. The radiant wing, the flowing mane, the neck clothed with thunder, the mellifluous song, the earth-shaking roar, and all the other charms of beauty, voice, and gracefulness—what were they but male tributes to the domination and supremacy of the eternal feminine, which herself had no need of such artful aids to attractiveness? Why the paragon of animals alone has reversed the process—why, among civilised tribes like ours, it is the feminine that grows the flowing mane, and has or puts the fuller crimson on her cheek, and sticks the wanton lapwing's crest upon her head, and flaunts the radiance of the male butterfly, as though with outspread, quivering wings—therein lies the long tragedy of woman. And that tragedy had completed its first act ages before Mr. Schuster's history opens: for he begins with Eden.

Schuster's history opens; for he begins with Eden.

He tells us that the oldest records treating of the usages of civilised peoples with regard to the position of married women are to be found in the Old Testament. It may be so, though we should have thought Egyptian and even Assyrian records might be older. However, he

proceeds:-

"The customs there delineated are the outward embodiment of views which in our days are not in accordance with the principles of either the Christian or the Jewish religion; as, therefore, no intelligent person, whatever his faith may be, would look upon these views and customs as the result of a divine command, no religious feelings will be hurt by a candid criticism of them."

Again, we say, it may be so; and we cannot speak for Jewish principles. But in regard to Christian practice, we know very well that the customs thus delineated in early Hebrew legends and laws have rather confirmed the subjection of women by giving it the appearance of divine sanction. The story of Creation and the Fall—the "rib," the "helpmeet," Eve's temptation and special punishment, the injunction, "Thy will shall be subject to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee "—have permeated not only our literature but our nurseries, so that

for generations the baby girl has started handicapped with assumed inferiority. The worst of all was that St. with assumed inferiority. Paul extended the imagined sanction into Christianity, and supported his ascetic dislike of women by the mis-behavior of Eve. "Let the woman learn in silence with behavior of Eve. "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection," he wrote to Timothy, "for Adam was first formed, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." Again, he wrote to Corinth that the head of the woman was the man because the woman was created for the man; and he went so far as to say that a wife has no power of her own body-a principle repeated with emphasis by St. Chrysostom, incorporated into our own law until the Jackson case, and still commonly maintained in practice, as we see in M. Brieux's plays. Writing to Ephesus, also, St. Paul commanded wives to submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord-an order surely more perilous to us men even than to women, and very difficult to live up to.

Mr. Schuster is clearly right in saying that the views thus expressed are not in accordance with the spirit of the religion of Christ; but in uncritical days they have been equally accepted, and, as we said, they have permeated our literature and household life. We find them, for instance, in Milton, whose influence upon our religious thought has, perhaps, been second only to the Bible itself. "He for God only, she for God in him," is a line that has done much execution in its time; and even in his treatise on divorce, so great and daring in many ways, we find this masculine aspect solely

considered :-

"In a case where the wife's mind is irresponsive," he writes, paying no attention to the irresponsive husband, "the solitariness of man which God had namely and principally ordered to prevent by marriage, hath no remedy, but lies under a worse condition than the loneliest single life. Lest, therefore, so noble a creature as man should be shut up incurably under a worse evil by an easy mistake in that ordinance which God gave him to remedy a less evil, reaping to himself sorrow while he went to rid away solitariness, it cannot avoid to be concluded that such a marriage can be no marriage."

But though exaggerated by subsequent Fathers, eremites, celibates, monastic orders, and other Puritans, the Pauline aspect of marriage does not appear to have differed widely from the average opinion of the Hellenic and Roman culture with which St. Paul was at least partially familiar. In Homeric times, as in later Sparta, it is true, the wife had considerable freedom and respect; but even Homeric heroes gave away their daughters and scores of other women as bribes or prizes, each woman being reckoned, as in modern Zululand, at so many oxen or copper cauldrons. In later Greece the noblest minds saw further. Plato proclaimed equal association for all women with men, and opportunity according to their physical strength. Aristotle defined marriage as a community of life as a whole. The cry of Aristophanes for "Yetes for Women". Votes for Women" was only half-mockery. subsequent dramatist has analysed the tragedy and ironic comedy of womanhood so subtly as Euripides—none, at least, until we come to Ibsen and Brieux. Consider again the unaltering words of Medea to the women of Corinth :-

"Of all thing upon earth that breathe and grow, A herb most bruised is woman. We must pay Our store of gold, hoarded for that one day, To buy us some man's love; and lo, they bring A master of our flesh! There comes the sting Of the whole shame.

Home never taught her that—how best to guide Towards peace this thing that sleepeth at her side. . . . And then, forsooth, 'tis they that face the call Of war, while we sit sheltered, hid from all Peril. False mocking! Sooner would I stand Three times to face those battles, shield in hand, Than bear one child."

Genius could see so far, but the very pity and indignation of genius reveal the current habits and opinion of the time.

So too in Rome; Cicero's letters to his wife are sometimes friendly and charming. Pliny's letters are more; they might have been written by a sensitive and passionate lover of to-day. But, on the other hand, we vaguely remember that some Roman (we think a

Metellus) proposed in the Senate that pro-consuls or generals should be allowed to take their wives to the provinces. "It is true," he added, for fear of being thought chivalrous, "we should all be glad to do without such plagues (molestia) if only we could," and, in a similar sense, Mr. Schuster quotes from Juvenal:—

"So you would marry Posthumus? What fancy plagues you to take a wife—so long as there are ropes to hang yourself with, high windows to throw yourself down, and bridges over the Tiber so conveniently near?"

Roman law, especially under the Empire, was certainly in advance of the satirists; indeed, it was, in some respects, in advance of the laws of Europe, or at least of England, now.

In this little book, Mr. Schuster does not touch upon the marriage laws in Moslem, Hindu, or Chinese lands. They, too, make a sad and significant study, as do the secretive customs and superstitious taboos under which women have suffered in nearly all savage races, and obscurely suffer among us still. But in brief chapters, Mr. Schuster does trace out the leading principles of German, French, and English law in regard to wives. Except in the one vital point of inequality and expense of divorce, he thinks that, on the whole, the English law since 1882 has borne less hardly on women than in other countries. Some day we should like to consult him as to the comparative laws about parentage (the English father being the sole parent under marriage, and not a parent at all unless marriage has taken place); about the law of wages which in Germany, we believe, gives the wife a claim upon the employer for a fraction of the husband's pay; and a few other points of difference.

On the title-page of his book, Mr. Schuster has inscribed a Greek line from Euripides. "Honor is coming to the race of women," chanted the chorus as they circled before the stage upon the Acropolis of Athens. Two thousand three hundred years have passed since first that prophecy was sung, and still we hear people complaining that women are so impatient now!

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

LIKE a top that has lost its perpendicular, the earth leans down, down away from the firelight, the shadow on its northern pole creeping down, down towards the equator. The days for our revolving spot shorten, the nights grow colder and longer, Horus is swallowed in the maw of Sut, Balder lies slain. Then the shortening of the day stops, for two days, three days, the length is the same, it is perfectly evident that the top is coming up again, days are going to lengthen, Horus will re-emerge, Balder stirs in his sleep. It is when this point in our annual fortunes has been reached that men say, "The winter begins."

It is not because winter is coming that we make merry on the shortest day, as the heathen did before it was Christmas-day. It is not for the cold days ahead that the robin and the thrush sing at the bottom of the year. It is not because January is colder than December that the winter aconite begins now to get up. Somehow we all know without having a watch to count the extra seconds of daylight, or instruments to measure, if clouds permit, the noon altitude of the sun, that the year has turned from winter towards summer. The apparent winter progression of January, February, and March is but the inevitable skid of a chariot whose direction has been changed. The balance at the bank must continue to get lower because the nightly drafts are still heavy, but every day's deposit is brighter than the last, and the splendid solvency of summer is assured by visible and tangible guarantees.

The world does not live by mere temperature, as a cake bakes, but by a sort of faith or instinct that forestalls temperature. The flower that waited to get up till the days grew warmer would find itself hopelessly late. It actually proceeds almost as though it had a preliminary idea of what sunshine was coming many weeks before it actually comes. The bud, the bulb, the

seed in the ground falls asleep at the end of its own summer, which may come in any month of the year for some species or another. It takes its rest of some assigned number of days ranging from six or less to perhaps as much as a hundred, and then begins slowly to transform its substance into the material of new growth. There are flowers of all seasons. Ivy has been in blossom since October and is in blossom now; winter heliotrope fills the woods with its fragrance, that no bee can taste, in the first week of the new year; but the great bulk of vegetable life refuses to come out into growth before the winter solstice has passed. You cannot expect them to acknowledge with acclamation a mere five minutes added to the length of the shortest day, though your microscope may show, even on so short a test, that a living thing has a marvellous instinct for the rising sun.

In odd sheltered spots about the garden, restless bulbs have sent their green plumes above the soil. Others can be found very little below the surface, shooting out their white buds. The close-knotted mezereon is ready to open a pioneer blossom any day; the sycamore buds are full of little leaves; a laburnum seed cut open is shown to be a little tree wrapped in brown tissue. All this highly wrought expectancy has a sensitiveness for sunlight that can be had of no actinometer, thermometer, or other mechanical instrument. It is gunpowder waiting for the smaller or larger spark that will produce the greater activities of complete life. The aconite which refused the solicitation of a mild December will open to a colder January because it is on the right side of the turn of the year. Some things, such as sea-kale and rhubarb, the gardener can force before Christmas, though with much more ease and certainty afterwards. We have bulbs, put from the seedsman's store into peat in October, that are giving us their blossoms to-day, but if to-day we put other bulbs of the same kind into peat they will blossom before January is out.

Perhaps the flower is not influenced by the returning sunshine of the year in which it actually blooms. No matter. It has learnt by the hard experience of adversity and the persistent encouragement of heredity how to be in time, not with the clogged motions of an unresponsive earth, but with the progress of the sun in the sky. The earth has been throwing away heat all the autumn, and that is why the three months which ought to be spring are its winter. The bulb has kept the heat that last summer gave it in the form of starches, which the operations of life can make give out heat again. The growing point of the soldanella actually melts the snow, and makes for itself a little cave in which it can maintain its faith in the sun and give him credit for all the new rays he pours down. The earth may skid into winter, but the living things upon it turn precisely with the turn of the year.

Yet some persistently seek for a thermal value for leafage or blossom. They have added up the heat that precedes growth and have written down a "constant" for each organism. The constant for the blossoming of hazel is 226°, for mezereon 303°, for the snowdrop 311°, and so on down to the ivy which requires 5910°. It seems to be the glory of the flower that, like the sundial, it only counts the bright hours. It does not spoil the solar credit by deducting for frosty nights, but wakes up where it left off and goes on accumulating sunshine. But it does not count its positive heat from zero, but from 5°, 10°, or 15°, according to its kind. It is like a banker who refuses to take coppers. A thousand years at 10° would not wake a melon, nor a thousand years at 9° wake the pimpernel. Excessive heat is equally inappropriate. The key to each organism is a current of given voltage, and as our heat depends on the position of the sun more nearly than on anything else, the "constant" theory still leads us back to the position of the sun as the determinant of even the earliest floral activity.

We are to have the green Christmas that everyone deplores as a fattener of kail-yards, and that everyone declares to be unusual. The old-fashioned Christmas is a myth that dies very hard. Possibly it was brought to our Southern centres of population from Scotland,

where the white Christmas does obtain as the general Almost anywhere on the backbone of England, indeed, rain may turn to snow at this time of the year, and almost any countryman in London may recall that the Christmases of his youth were rather more like the illustrations than those of to-day. But the great cause for misapprehension on this subject resides in the change of the calendar. Though old Christmas is only separated from new Christmas by eleven days, the chances are very much greater that snow will fall on the old date than on the new. It is nothing wonderful that a tradition should survive its foundation for a mere Twelfth Night is not only still well observed, but there are many living now who not only kept it well but persisted in calling it Christmas. Many a white Twelfth Night has undoubtedly taken its place in the remembered

string of white Christmases.

But our Christmas is not only not frosty; it is or than the weather that has gone before. That, milder than the weather that has gone before. That, too, is a seeming accident that is by no means uncommon; indeed, it may be said to belong to one of the rules of the calendar. The "little summers' that break up the decline of the year have been charted by observers, and one of them, called "Buchan's third warm period," falls well within the present month. It is a pity that unmeteorological men persist in regarding these inter-seasonal changes as deplorable accidents. They are, on the whole, as dependable as May-day and Midsummer, and perhaps even more to be enjoyed. are to the birds glimpses between the clouds of that turn of the year that surely is coming. The thrush sings on his pear-tree, unblossomed but full of buds. The little hedge-sparrow mousing about in the shrubbery ascends to the top of a deodar, and there pours out his soul. On the lake the ducks hold high palaver, then fly, splashing in all directions, to flash under water as though through an open door. Pigeons and doves are greatly put to it to express the deep emotion that such a rare day brings. White Christmas is all very well, but when the Feast of the Year does fall in one of the warm periods a little displaced, it need not spoil our joy at the turning of the year.

The Drama.

A CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

"The Lower Depths." By Maxim Gorky. Produced at the Kingsway Theatre.

I SUPPOSE that there will never come a serious change in the British drama until there is a corresponding change in the British people. Something in our present-day character, at once borné and frivolous, trivial and frostbound, must break and yield before we can realise what the theatre can do for our intellectual life. But it seems doubtful whether the change can come from inside. Our stage technique is so stiff, so adapted to conventional writing and ideas, that even our reformers cannot rid themselves of its influence, or when they do, tend to stray from the dramatic method into that of the discussion. The "conversation play" is not, to my mind, drama. It is thesis, and its obvious defect is that it lacks the atmosphere even of the true problem play. The characters are raisonneurs, abstracted from life, and barely tinged by its rich and varied coloring. They exist to talk, instead of talking (and acting) to exist. Perhaps it is a cold and unsympathetic quality in our national it is a cold and unsympathetic quality in our national existence which chills our truly sincere artists when they try to fix its most salient features and make us realise what the heart and mind that animate them are like. One is conscious of no such obstruction in the work of some foreign writers, notably of Russians like Tolstoy, Tchekov, and Gorky. They throw over the formal balance of traditional drama, abandon its stilted movement, and substituting a free technique of their own, contrive to give the effect of a deep and powerful flow of life, broad as a great river, and like it, incessantly fed from

secret or half-discovered springs. This method in turn implies the abandonment of conventional subjects and types-ingénues, heroes, villains-and the entanglements courtship, marriage, and misunderstanding, which gradually assume a more cynical and unreal form as the public gets weary of the old idealist renderings. Russian realists tear this old-fashioned drapery down and exhibit instead a wide mass, or block, of human experience, taken direct from life. Usually it is a wretched and seemingly abandoned kind of experience, Usually it is a for the Russian character and Russian history seem alike to forbid our jovial, half-careless glance over the surface of things. Now, as in the "Power of Darkness," it is the evil side of village society. Now, again, as in "The Cherry Orchard," it is the shifts of a pleasure-loving, falling, demoralised class. And in Gorky's "Lower Depths" it is the most sunken of all the classes, the sediment of society, resting, almost contentedly, at the bottom of the cup, with here and there a flash, a winking and vanishing bubble of youth, or hope, or joy. None of these plays are mere brutal prose commentary on life. They are touched by profound pity and understanding. But their first quality is their sincerity. And their power as works of art arises from the fact that they have the true dramatic atmosphere, and that vital forces sweep over and through the play of individual character, yielding intense moments of insight and feeling.
"The Lower Depths"—which I should have noticed

at a much earlier date—has been played before the Stage Society, and Madame Lydia Yavorska's interesting presentation of it at the Kingsway Theatre is now, I hope, proceeding to an assured success. I am told that it is impossible to see it played in exactly the right key save by a Russian company, and it is easy to perceive that the English actors and actresses find it hard to fit themselves into the action of a piece where all the players are a kind of chorus to the author's theme, no one figure seedlipsing or over-shadowing another. The note, therefore, is a little strained, there is too much noise and shouting, and until Luka, the wandering sage, comes in, the poetry—the essential music of this wild symphony is somewhat lost. But there is fine and intelligent work in the performance at the Kingsway, and I advise lovers of great drama by no means to miss it. The action is quite simple, developing through seemingly desultory talk, which, as the play proceeds, becomes more and more direct and dreadful in its meaning. Everything passes in or outside the dim cavern-walls of a night shelter in Moscow, where thieves, prostitutes, street workers, tinkers, drunkards, ne'er-do-weels of all sorts huddle together in the twilight, as they huddle in scores of London lodging-houses and Salvationist doss-houses. Quisque suos patimur Manes-each of these beings has his history, his suffering, his obstacle to right or harmonious living. And each—just as in the great world beyond torments or hinders his wretched neighbor. The consumptive wife, coughing out her life on her plank bed, disturbs all the other slumberers or carousers, including her husband, the hard man whose only happiness is work, and who tinkers noisily away at his locks and have. his locks and keys. The drink-sodden actor, whose memory is gone, stuns the ears of the company with half-forgotten tags of Shakspere, until he shouts them into the cold ear of death. Vaska, the thief, has tied himself to the lodging-house keeper's wife, whom he hates, and cannot win her virtuous sister, whom he loves. The prostitute tries to live an ideal life with imaginary lovers, culled from sensational novels; the Baron, her associate, lives, too, in an imaginary past of noble ancestors and brilliant entertainments. Yet each must needs scoff at the fancies which the others Yet each must needs scon at the lances which the con-live on, so as to keep despair at arm's length. Drink and cards, cards and drink, are the common solace of the whole society. Life must be forgotten or it becomes as unendurable as it is unintelligible. "Why? becomes as unendurable as it is unintelligible. "Why? Why?" shrieks the dying woman, whom none heed, save when her cough disturbs the vodka-drinking or the card-playing. And there is no answer to her cry.

The answer comes through Luka, who, though his

teaching plainly suggests that of Tolstoy, represents, on

the whole, a rather more mundane philosophy. He is a wanderer, who comes and goes, like the wind of the spirit, as by chance, and yet enters deeply into the experience of this vexed and self-tormenting crowd of outcasts. His first word is mutual service. No one will sweep the filthy floor of the doss-house; all are too high, too respecting" for that, so Luka does the work. second word is mutual forbearance. Each of these fallen people must find a belief, a ground of life, which the others must respect. The street-walker which the others must respect. The street-walker must cherish her ideal loves; the drunkard must think himself capable of cure; "in a hospital, in a town," he will find it; the thief must tear himself from the false love and try and find the true. All must be encouraged to think that they are arriving at the "better man," "the land of righteousness" which is on no map, though men will never cease from seeking it. The dying woman is going to eternal rest. God is for those who believe in Him; only for the only for the faithless has He no existence. Such teaching comes like the sound of the shepherd's pipe after the riot of the Venusberg; it pierces the reeking air of the doss-house. Some mock, none quite believe, but all are touched. The dark current of egoistic living is suspended; for a moment it seems as if it might be frozen at its source.

But no such miracle happens. The keeper of the shelter is killed by Vaska in a fierce brawl. The wanderer withdraws as quietly as he came. The light quenched, darkness returns, as in a flood. The locksmith has had to sell his tools to pay for his wife's funeral, and, leaving his work, the redeeming passion of his life, goes back to vodka. So does the actor, who hangs himself in despair. The prostitute and her lover abuse and taunt each other with their delusions. In the half-lighted stage, a prolonged carouse sets in, adorned with a boastful harangue from the jovial and intelligent castaway, Sahtin, who has taken in enough of Luka's teaching to give him matter for a hiccupping sermon on the glory of self-respect. While these tragic drunkards caricature what they remember of Luka's philosophy, another lodger, the Tartar porter, whose hand is poisoned and who may never work again, rises to repeat with solemn obeisance the nightly prayer of the pious Mohammedan. Silently he bows before the Ineffable Name; noisily the drunkards toast each other and celebrate the Dignity of The debauch ends with the actor rushing out, after a vain appeal for help from his unregarding companions, and with the announcement of his suicide.

The representation was, as I have suggested, pitched in too loud a key; but work such as that of Mr. Holman Clark in Luka gave it singular distinction and beauty, and the studies of Nastya and The Actor by Madame Yavorska and Mr. Willoughby were full of character. No more powerful drama is to be seen on the existing stage. And yet the demeanor of a part of the audience showed how meagre is the culture even of a selected English audience.

H. W. M.

Communication.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is an inclination in some quarters representative of Liberal ideas, now somewhat old-fashioned, to criticise the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey, and therefore the Imperial policy of Great Britain. It would be unwise for Sir Edward Grey, or indeed for anyone anxious that the foreign policy of the country should be based on a sane examination of existing facts, to object to criticism which is both able and honest. Such a critic as the Editor of The Nation is an invaluable ally for a Minister having charge of the foreign relations of Great Britain. He is bound, however adverse his criticism, to let some vivid light into the sanctuary of the Foreign Office, which, owing to its close atmosphere, is necessarily impregnated with

a certain degree of prejudice. Diplomatists, like all other men who sometimes scrutinise phenomena too closely, are apt to lose their sense of perspective, and it is therefore sound and wholesome that their ideas and actions, focussed as they are in the speeches and acts of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, should from time to time be examined in a critical and even in a hostile spirit.

When, however, everything has been said which the most ingenious critic can suggest, the judgment of cool and dispassionate men can hardly fail to be that Sir Edward Grey, during the past anxious months, has shown a correct appreciation of the European situation, and has followed the course most likely to lead to the maintenance of European peace.

Whether, under the strain of the Morocco negotiations, mistakes were made by the Governments concerned in them, whether or not the rough German gauntlet penetrated too obviously the velvet glove, whether or not the speech of a British Cabinet Minister was apposite and tactful, are matters of procedure no doubt of great importance at the time; but they are not the vital essence of the whole matter, and they affect only in a subsidiary degree the crucial problems which it is now the business of real statesmanship to solve.

Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, and even Lord Salisbury, would have found little in common between the European politics of their time and the European situation of to-day. There is not one of these statesmen, not even Lord John Russell, steeped as he was in the Liberal ideas of that Party at its apogee, who could have misinterpreted the necessities of our Imperial position at the present time, and who would be likely to have confused it with the conditions and circumstances of half a century ago. The causes underlying the political changes of the last fifty years are thoroughly understood. They may be summed up in one phrase: the growth and expansion of Imperial Germany. This new factor in Europe has not only overturned the old balance of European power, but has completely and for ever upset the idea upon which its conception was based. The Napoleonic Empire likewise destroyed the balance of European power in its ancient sense; but the Napoleonic Empire was abnormal, and a fabric certain from the beginning not to endure; whereas the German Empire is a healthy growth, having its roots deep down in a fertile soil of race, language, and sentiment.

Every man imbued with a desire to see the blessings of high civilisation and lofty culture permeate the world greeted with joy the advent of united Germany, and rejoices still in her prosperity. Human nature, however, being what it is, men who have not the advantage of being German cannot close their eyes to the dangers bound to assail them from the presence in their midst of a nation so intelligent, so powerful, and so rightly ambitious, unless it be made clearly manifest that other races, other languages, and other forms of culture are to have fair play and a free space in which to exist and prosper. The alliance of Germany and Austria, the alliance, that is to say, of something like eighty millions of people of a common race and a common language, was, in the course of nature, bound to bring about at least an entente, if not an alliance, of those peoples numerically weaker and possessing institutions far more ancient, and therefore not so vitalised by that quality of youthful national life-blood which stirs up national ambitions.

Sir Edward Grey has been accused of a certain narrowness of outlook. If this be so, are we not fortunate as a nation to have just now at the helm of State one capable of steering a regulated course, and with little natural temptation to vary its direction? There is probably not a statesman alive, not only in Europe, but in the world, who, if he were an Englishman and responsible for the foreign policy of this country, would dream of adopting to-day a policy of splendid isolation. However efficacious in the Palmerstonian sphere of continual moral activity and irritating interference, such an attitude in Great Britain to-day would certainly be fatal to European tranquillity, and possibly in the long run to European peace.

In all the difficult moments of the past few months, when peace and war hung in the balance, not owing to the deliberate intention of this or that Government, but due to the unreasoning antagonism, fostered unfortunately by the Press, between England and Germany, the maintenance of peace was mainly the reward of the tenacity with which Sir Edward Grey clung to the friendly entente with France. Upon the failure of a diplomacy, however adroit, and of a Press however unfortunately inspired, to drive a wedge into the entente between the French and British Governments, rested, and still rests, the peace of Europe. There is no doubt one other, and perhaps predominant, factor leading to this result, which Englishmen of all classes should lay to heart; and it is their own tenacity in having for the past five years insisted upon maintaining at its full and overwhelming strength the sea-power of Great Britain. For this additional piece of good fortune the nation owes a large debt of gratitude to Sir Edward Grey. His foreign policy has rested upon twin pillars: an overwhelmingly strong fleet and the understanding with France. He may have made mistakes, and he may have failed here and there in diplomatic manœuvre; but he has achieved the result he set out to achieve. He has not lowered the honor and dignity of his country, and he has kept the peace in Central Europe. Sir Edward Grey has the defects of his qualities. He is a man of cool judgment, and he is a man of cold manners. countrymen may thank Heaven for the former, and will do wisely to put up with the latter.

Stability in the relationship of the great European Powers depends upon keeping undisturbed in the near future the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. A policy based on this principle is far from precluding a good understanding between Great Britain and Germany. I am not speaking of the Governments of the two nations. understanding between them is a comparatively simple affair. I am speaking of a better and clearer grasp by the intelligent sections of one nation of the aims, anxieties, aspirations, and necessities of the other. The German people have got to be induced to comprehend that Great Britain has no further desire for expansion of territory, although we wish in the main to keep the Empire intact; but, above all things, that we are not a military nation, and that we depend for our national existence upon our naval command of the Western European seas. Every German knows that a German Army of preponderating strength is in the last resort vital to the existence of the German Empire in Europe. The German Army is not an aggressive instrument; it is the buckler of German unity and the protective shield of every German citizen. Every German should likewise give us credit for our anxieties in regard to the fleet. With a population untrained to arms, becoming daily more steeped in luxurious habits and less inclined to bear Imperial burdens, we are dependent for our security upon a comparatively small margin of ships and a comparatively small number of men engaged and trained to fight them. not natural, therefore, that a feeling of apprehension should stimulated into excitement at the prospect of greatest military nation on earth possessing a capable, possibly before very long, of coping equal terms with ours? The main obstacle to a friendly understanding between the two countries on the side of Great Britain is unquestionably the German Naval Law. Whatever ill-feeling exists between the two countries is on our side the outcome of that Naval Law. If the shipbuilding plans of Germany are not expanded, and the relative strength of the British and German Fleets remains static, that feeling on our side will undoubtedly die down, and in a few years will be forgotten.

There is, however—no Englishman can ignore it—a solid cause of misunderstanding and natural anger on the part of the German people at the stolid disregard by the English people of that German desire for territorial expansion, which has been called by the German Emperor a place in the sun. No one who has watched the course of foreign politics for the past seven years can doubt that Germany has good reason to complain of the sentiments and action of England whenever or wherever Germany has made any move, the effect of which was to extend her political influence or her territorial possessions in the sunnier portions of the earth's surface. If there is to be a friendly feeling between the two countries, Englishmen will have to become accustomed to the idea of German protection and German influence in the Orient, and of the German flag flying over portions of West Africa where the flag of some other nation,

possibly our own, flies now. There is nothing humiliating to us as an Imperial people in this idea. Just as friendly landowners who have inherited scattered possessions often round them off, by sale or exchange, much to their mutual advantage, so Great Britain can, if she chooses, treat with Germany. This would not only be good policy, it would be acting in a neighborly spirit, consistent with our interests and with those of Germany, and in no way prejudicing our relations with France.

It must be remembered that while Germany's new departure, her determination to create a German Fleet commensurate with the place she desires to hold in the affairs of the world, dates back only seven or eight years, thereby giving rise to all our anxieties, her complaints of our stiffneckedness in denying her a place in the sun date back at least a quarter of a century.

There lies before the writer a letter he received from Count Herbert Bismarck, dated November, 1884, in which the following passage occurs:—

"Our relations with our great Continental neighbors might, as you will be aware, be endangered if we went too far in pressing upon them, and I am sure you will agree with me that there is no Government that can run such a risk simply "pour les beaux yeux" of another Power. The most intimate and friendly ties which could unite England and Germany at the present would not be able to give Germany full compensation for the eventual loss of her other alliances, since, according to the constitution of England, her foreign policy is generally thoroughly changed and reversed as soon as her Government changes, and her allies are then left out in the cold.

"If Germany, for instance, would have been certain of English support in case of another French attack, she would have had no motive to conciliate the good will of France, for the latter could never have thought of going to war again if she was sure to find England on the same side as she did at Waterloo.

sgain if she was sure to find England on the same side as she did at Waterloo.

"The attitude which England took in 1867 with respect to the guarantee of Luxembourg, and of late in approving of the violation of one of the treaties referring to Egypt for mere financial reasons, has, I am sorry to say, not done credit to the English policy, and has been rather discouraging for those that wish England all that is good.

"Up to the last few years the belief had been prevailing in Germany that England would meet us half-way, and would

"Up to the last few years the belief had been prevailing in Germany that England would meet us half-way, and would contribute to make still more intimate our existing friendly relations which we had done our best to cultivate. But nothing of the kind has happened. If I had been in the place of the English Government, I should have tried years ago to 'bribe' Germany; that means to say I would have given her manifest proofs of the value I attached to solid German friendship. The means for this might easily have been found in the province of the colonial questions. The German Government and people, which are now trying to find support elsewhere in order to carry out their colonial aims, would have been very grateful if England's attitude in those questions would have been from the beginning a friendly and liberal one towards us. England would then have been most popular all over Germany. But, however, though Germany is aware that in her relations with England during the last ten years she has always been playing the part of 'Love's Labor Lost,' I am sure that she never will be loth to render services to England as often as she can do it without compromising her other political relations."

This passage, interpolated in a letter written to me at a time of peculiar difficulty, under circumstances into which it is unnecessary to enter, is not less to the point to-day than it was long years ago, when Count Herbert Bismarck penned it. Any German, animated by friendly feelings towards this country, might have used these words last week or this. It contains, however, another truth, which Germans and Englishmen alike at this moment should take to heart: it is that no English statesman is justified in endangering the relations of his country with France any more than any German statesman would be justified in endangering the relations of his country with Austria "pour les beaux yeux" of another nation.

This is the justification of the policy of Sir Edward Grey: the policy to maintain the present strength of the British Fleet relative to that of Germany, whatever the German Naval Law may be, and to maintain undisturbed the entente with France. These are its cardinal points. Beyond them a field is open for a friendly understanding with Germany, and it is within this sphere that a new departure is open to Sir Edward Grey and the British people. To ask Germany to limit her armaments at sea is not a request which one free nation can profitably or with dignity ask of another. The response to any German Navy Law

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lies within the capacity of any island race as wealthy as ours. It is to maintain the relative strength of the British to the German Fleet, whatever the strength of the latter may become. On the other hand, we should remember that we absorb rather too large a place in the sun. It is not we who have a just grievance. If the worn-out usages of diplomatic intercourse could for a moment be laid aside, if two great nations would consent for a moment to abrogate methods, useful during centuries when distance was an effectual bar to personal intercourse, if British statesmen holding the supreme offices in Whitehall, responsible to Parliament and to the British people, could stand for a few days, or even for a few hours, face to face with the Imperial Chancellor and the German Foreign Secretary, there can be very little doubt that at least some of these difficult questions could be satisfactorily resolved, and a new era opened in our relations with Germany, which would in no way prejudice the entente with France.—Yours, &c.,

December 19th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PROGRAMME FOR 1912. To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While recognising the fairness with which you state, in your issue of the 9th, the difficulties which will beset the programme of the Government next year, I must protest against the solution which seems to commend itself to your judgment.

The people of Wales have been so unswervingly loyal to Liberalism, and have so uniformly given precedence to considerations of the general well-being rather than to their own special interests, that it has become an ingrained habit and tradition of English Liberalism to ignore and neglect the wants of Wales, as always the line of least resistance. You will, I am sure, permit me to remind you that at the last General Election the Liberals of Wales believed that they held an undertaking from Mr. Asquith that immediately the Parliament Bill was passed, Welsh Disestab-lishment would take priority over all other items of the Liberal programme. With a "sweet reasonableness" which, in politics, is a peculiarly infructuous form of strategy, the representatives of Wales accepted, in substitution for this pledge, an undertaking that the position to be given to Welsh Disestablishment shall be such as to enable its being passed over the heads of the Lords during this Parliament. This irreducible minimum you propose jurther to weaken by postponing the consideration of this measure to the latest moment at which the fulfilment of the above undertaking is barely practicable, allotting to us the maximum of risk with the minimum of advantage. It is altogether a surprising method of dealing with a demand urged with an emphasis and a constancy unequalled in British politics. The failure to give effect to the judgment of Wales in this matter of religious equality is the negation of democratic principle, and demonstrates the impotence, if not the indifference, of latter-day Liberalism to issues of principle, however weighty and vital. I am confident that the Government will not for a moment contemplate the deplorable act of betrayal and stultification implied in your suggestion.

I congratulate you on your recognition of the necessity for implementing forthwith the promise of the preamble to the Parliament Bill; that this is as much a matter of self-interest as it is unquestionably an obligation of honor, is demonstrated by the fact that the present position leaves it possible this year for a hereditary chamber practically to defeat the policy of the Declaration of London, to reject the Finance Bill for the year if it had so chosen, and to destroy the Insurance Bill without in this case coming within the four corners of the Parliament Bill. The tactics, by whomsoever dictated, which involve the indefinite postponement of the reconstruction of the Second Chamber, are really as fatuous as they are dubious.

You do well, too, to deprecate the curtailment of discussion, and to plead for a full and patient hearing for all the criticisms which the Irish Home Rule proposals of the Government will inevitably evoke—proposals which, of course, were not before the country in even their most salient details at the General Election. There is no question in the whole range of British politics for which an "ad hot" General Election might more reasonably be granted. If this is to be withheld, and the Second Chamber to remain in a state of suspended animation, it surely will be incumbent upon the Government to allow the House of Commons substantially unfettered freedom of discussion.

The juster course of procedure next year would be to devote the earlier part of the Session to the passing of Welsh Disestablishment and a Short Act remedying the more flagrant abuses of the Education Act of Mr. Balfour, the introduction of the Franchise Bill and the Home Rule Bill, leaving the detailed discussion of the latter to the autumn, when the country will have had some reasonable opportunity of considering its provisions. No possible good can come of any attempt to circumvent the electorate—the present obvious dread of the result of an appeal to the people is the most damaging element in the whole situation.

For my part, I have no doubt that the somewhat sudden decision of the Government to introduce so drastic a Reform Bill is the outcome of the conviction that Irish Home Rule cannot be carried without another appeal to the country, coupled with the very natural desire that the electorate shall then be constituted on lines as favorable to Liberalism as may be.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD T. JOHN.

Llanidan Hall, Llanfair, P.G., Anglesey. December 18th, 1911.

[There is much force in Mr. John's letter, though we are afraid that his programme is open to the objection that, like our own suggestion, it must disappoint many Liberals. The matter is one for the Government to consider in concert with their following. A clear preliminary understanding between the two forces may enable both to surmount the difficulties of the situation, to which we observe that the "Westminster Gazette," like ourselves, is fully alive.—Ed., Nation.]

THE WOMAN AS VOTER. To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It was with great interest that I read Mr. Norman M. Keown's letter last week, dealing with "Woman as a Voter," for, by right of somewhat lengthy residence in the Commonwealth, I can regard myself as Australian.

As to his main thesis that the enfranchisement of women was followed in Australia by the rise to power of the Labor Party, I have no comment to offer. The fact is as stated. Are we, then, to anticipate that Adult Suffrage would, at one bound, bring Labor into a Parliamentary majority here?

My own opinion is that Labor would not advance here with anything like the same degree of rapidity as it experienced in the Commonwealth. It must be remembered that in Australia the leisured class is almost non-existent, and the line of cleavage between the Trades' Union class is drawn in Australia at a much higher level than it ever is in an old country. In the early days of self-government in Australia, Labor had not become articulate politically, and even although its numbers were great, its power at the poll was not commensurate with those numbers. But Trades Unionism in Australia, in a freer atmosphere, quickly acquired corporate feeling and an articulate voice, and that voice made itself heard with an insistence never known here, where we have still a large class rooted in medieval ideas of autocracy in the home and oligarchy in government.

Whether or no the Labor Party will attain power in this country in the near future, there is little reason to anticipate anything cataclysmic such as Mr. Keown adumbrates. He doesn't make our flesh creep one little bit.

If I am not mistaken I can recognise, in the family in Mr. Keown's eyes typical of Australia, our old friend the surburban family. Like its prototype in this aged country, the Australian suburban family is too comfortably off to bestir itself about the realities of life, much less to take any means—voting or other—to do anything practicable to remedy known evils.

The father whose "interest in politics is nil" is the flower of Suburbia, both overseas and here, and the sooner

Labor wakes him up, the better for his own class and for Labor. He balances very well with the daughter who voted for the "nice" candidate. Papa probably plumped for the candidate who was a Mason.

Mr. Keown seems to find it a matter for complaint that women should vote according to sentiment. I deny that they do so to any greater extent than men do, for quite extraneous reasons. And even if they did, it is pertinent to ask, are all brands of sentimental reasons worse than the reasons of self-interest which notoriously play their part in politics now?

But I am most grieved to find an Australian, above all men, using the plea that we are not sufficiently educated for the vote to possess it. We are accused of lacking qualities without which we are unfitted to be enfranchised; yet those very qualities we lack can only be developed by enfranchisement. What Moses will lead us out of this wilderness and vicious circle? Men, of course, can be taught by free-

dom to use freedom rightly; not so women!
Where would Australia have been had the Liberal Governments of the Reform Era held these sentiments? When would Australian Colonies have received selfgovernment had they waited for the day when Downing Street regarded Australians as fitted to rule themselves?

If Mr. Keown is right-that we want to be educated politically-the best educator is political power; but if we are to believe in Mr. Keown's gloomy prognostications, I would disenfranchise men to-morrow and never enfranchise women.—Yours, &c., December 21st, 1911. E. L. C. WATSON.

THE UNCHANGING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I also am a shocking innovator, co-educational before "Bedale's," and ready always "either to tell or to hear some new thing"; yet the first perusal of your article brought me nothing but a mild wonder as to the identity of the optimist who supposes that "the abolition of compulsory Greek . . . might mean that within a generation we should possess an educated governing class.

But re-perusal and reflection stirred in me a hope. Might not the article provide an opening for the discussion

of the things that really matter?

When first I ventured upon co-education, and thus tacitly joined the ranks of reforming headmasters, requests began to reach me for a speech on this topic, a paper on that, an opinion on a third. I was asked to speak upon the chair-back which best fitted the child-back, to write upon the position of windows, to express an opinion upon types of print. The result was that I began to see that there was great danger lest the ardor of reform should expend itself upon things of little moment, whilst the things that really matter remained unchanged and almost unattacked.

Thirteen years of anxious questioning as to the radical importance of things have forced me to include more than I could have believed possible in the category of alterations of which it may be said that plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. On the other hand, I have discovered that so far from our Public Schools being "unchanging," the root of the evil lies in the dreadfully rapid changes to which they are subject. Dr. Arnold's indictment of the system is still true (on the intellectual side as on the moral) that "there seems to be no sure improvement in it, but that it is at best a passive thing, presenting a good aspect when the individuals who belong to it happen to be good, but being in itself without any power to make them good, or to keep them so." * Both intellectual and moral levels go up and down with such bewildering rapidity that the same school (or the same house in a school) may be giving one year the best intellectual and moral training anywhere obtainable, and the next year the worst.

Now if this were a necessary condition of school-life for all time, we should have to put up with it and to fall back upon discussing chair-backs and compulsory Greek. But, thank God! it is not. I shall be bold enough to endeavor to provoke discussion by suggesting very briefly a way of reform which would touch things that really matter, which " might mean that within a generation we should possess an educated governing (or may I substitute serving)

1. That faculties should be developed in place of being checked-from the cradle and in their right order (as attempted with seemingly miraculous results by the Montessoie system in Rome). This would eliminate the large class who are beyond being awakened by the ordinary teacher, long before they reach the Public School.

2. That children should be taught in the same school from the earliest possible age up to nineteen or twenty.

3. That no school should exceed 200 in numbers. 4. That boys and girls should be educated together. This avoids the unhealthy atmosphere of "separate" schools, with its resultant evils.

5. That religion (but not dogma) should be universally recognised as of paramount importance in all schools and throughout all education.-Yours, &c.,

CECIL GRANT.

St. George's School, Harpenden, December 20th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-In your issue of the 16th inst., some very just remarks about the "Unchanging Public School" are marred by the singling out of two exceptions only. This is hardly just to a unique work of reference "Public Schools at a Glance"), which begins its alphabetical list with the acknowledged fountain-head of "new" schools at home and abroad (not mentioned by your reviewer), and which proceeds with impartial scope for statement from all pioneers on a fee limit.

Accordingly, the careful reader will find leaven from cover to cover, which the exclusive "Public School Year Book" is obliged to omit from its dough by virtue of an agreement (see page 7) far more mischievous and sinister than any Holmes Circular. I beg to sign myself an indig-ABBOTSHOLME PARENT.

December 20th, 1911.

THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-There must be many readers who, like myself, feel greatly indebted to THE NATION for its sane and reverent treatment of questions in which principles of religious freedom and progress are involved. One generally looks in vain to the so-called religious press for any generous defence or advocacy of these principles. If once it were recognised that religion, as you say, is "a spiritual influence working by reason, by imagination, by the emotions, drawing men into its fold, and never driving them," there would be an end to such absurd prosecutions for blasphemy as you so forcibly repudiate.

Are there not in the House of Commons a few earnest, broad-minded men who will make it their business to rid the Statute Book of the ridiculously obsolete blasphemy laws, under which apparently Mr. Justice Horridge recently sentenced two men at Leeds? Could there be greater irrever-ence than to suppose that an Infinite Spirit of Truth, Wisdom, and Goodness is thirsting for vengeance against men whose speech happens to be somewhat ill-informed and vulgar? The ideas underlying the whole conception of blasphemy have become, I believe, repellent to the modern mind. If they possessed any reality, I should imagine that the Almighty must be more deeply offended by some of the things repeated from time to time in churches by educated men than by anything which he hears at the street corners from the lips of the unenlightened .- Yours, &c.,

W. COPELAND BOWIE.

Essex Hall, London. December 17th, 1911.

THE MEDICAL COUNCIL AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of December 9th, Mr. Masterman gives an excellent sketch of the Insurance Bill, and I feel

^{*} Last sermon at Rugby.

sure that the nation at large will some day congratulate the Government on having introduced "the greatest social reform ever presented to any representative assembly in the world." Mr. Masterman says the "Insurance Bill has been examined and dissected to the minutest details. Experts—actuaries, doctors, friendly society leaders, industrial insurance companies—have applied all technical knowledge to its examination. The great scheme has stood the test of this rigorous and merciless criticism." Later on he says that "the one important question left for settlement is that of the doctors," he devoutly hopes that the profession will come in with determined enthusiasm to make this Bill a new start in a great national health campaign.

Mr. Masterman from his own account must admit that in one important detail, at any rate, the Bill has not stood the test of criticism.

Whatever may have been the feeling in the House of Commons with regard to the position of the doctors under the Bill, there can be no question that the bulk of the profession are by no means satisfied that their views have been adequately represented.

been adequately represented.

Everyone has lately heard a good deal about the British Medical Association: this body has been forming a trade union amongst members of the profession, in order to look after their interests with regard to the Insurance Bill. profession have agreed to work the Bill provided that six cardinal points, embodying the minimum of their demands, should be conceded by the Government. Everything went on swimmingly, and Mr. Smith Whittaker, the Secretary of the Association, was looked upon as the champion of the profession; he was going to fight our battles for us. Just before the third reading of the Bill, Mr. Lloyd George sees that he cannot make headway with the doctors; so he naturally thinks, why not weaken this powerful opposition by appointing their champion to a Government post? The Council of the Association acquiesce in the idea, and the compact is ended. Mr. Smith Whittaker becomes the champion of the Government, and the trade unionism of the profession comes to an end before our six cardinal points have been granted.

I really think that this story must be unique in the annals of trade unionism. What would the laboring man say if his Council behaved in this way? There is no doubt he would rebel against his elected representatives, and no one could blame him. The suicidal policy of the British Medical Association will have an extremely bad effect on the whole profession. How can we expect the doctors to come in with "determined enthusiasm" when they are not even consulted at the most critical moment when all their interests are at stake, and before even the minimum of their demands have been granted? There cannot be the slightest doubt that the public will suffer in the end to a greater extent even than the doctors.

The average standard of medical knowledge required in the future is bound to be on a higher level. More is to be expected of the medical practitioner in the future and not less. The inadequate remuneration under the Bill will certainly not tempt the budding enthusiasts whom the Government require. The public do not realise that in the poorer districts of the large towns almost the entire population will come under the Bill; the wives of insured persons are now to become voluntary contributors; there will be no private practice left. The very existence of the practitioner is at stake—the man who is going to do the work of the Bill whilst others talk about it.

of the Bill, whilst others talk about it.

I have no hesitation in saying that a more cruel act has never been perpetrated by any trade union council than that which has been enacted by the British Medical Association.

In the circumstances, the only thing left for the profession to do is to force the Council to resign at once, before any more damage is done.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD CARTER, M.D.

Kensington, December 14th, 1911.

[We are obliged to hold over several letters, including one from Mr. Nevinson in answer to Mrs. Swanwick.— Ed., Nation.]

Poetry.

THE KIND HOSTS.

The inns have closed their doors upon
Poor travellers in the frozen night:
Hath Bethlehem then a heart of stone?
Will none take pity on their plight?
Yea, there are some, kind hosts in stall,
The ass, the ox, are wiser far
Than Herod in his lordly hall,
Than all the purple Cæsars are.

The house-fronts show so dark and dull,
No woman draws her in with speed,
Where will she bed her Beautiful
But in the lowly cattle-shed?
The beasts are hosts to more than one
And more than two: it came to pass
That Mary laid her new-born Son
For warmth betwixt the ox and ass.

The kind beasts shelter more than two,
The wondrous night turns round to morn.
She wraps Him in her kirtle blue,
The very Son of God new-born.
And in the shadow of her veil
She bares her bosom, white as snow,
Hushes the chilly Infant's wail,
And bids the milky fountains flow.

His creatures with a trembling joy
Their food, their bed have yielded up.
The fields grow grasses for the Boy
Since there's no woolly sheep to crop.
The ass, the ox have given Him room,
The ass, the ox withouten sin,
And where the angels fear to come,
The ass, the ox may venture in.

Katharine Tynan.

A CAROL OF BEARN.

Why is all to-night so strange? O'er the world comes some great change; See how near is Charles's Wain, It seems twice as large again.

'Tis the stroke of twelve o'clock, Why so sudden crows the cock? The star-light and lantern-light Shows the thorn-tree flowering white.

Here are shepherds at the door, Everyone a troubadour, Never sure in tune so true, Were bombarde and biniou.

What are these sweet strains and wild, Telling of a little child? Hark! the clarion and the fife Have a sound of endless life.

Waken, little Pierrot, With the shepherds thou must go. Put a feather in thy cap, Sure to-night is some good hap.

Jean-Marie, take thy guitar; Antoine, blow a loud fanfare; Christophe, with thy violin, Help to swell the joyful din.

Good dog, with the paper frill, Gui-gui, go and dance with skill, Like the ox and the grey ass Thou shall see what comes to pass.

Haste we all and go with them, Singing unto Bethlehem. All seems glad and fair and well As the shepherds sing Noël.

R. L. G.

The Morld of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:-

"Henry Fox, First Lord Holland: A Study of the Career

"Henry Fox, First Lord Holland: A Study of the Career of an Eighteenth-Century Politician." By T. W. Riker. (Frowde. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"Life's Basis and Life's Ideal: The Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by A. G. Widgery. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Lay of the Nibelung Men." Translated from the old German Text by Arthur S. Way. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Memorials of Old Gloucestershire." Edited by P. H. Ditchfield. (Allen. 15s. net.)

(Allen. 15s. net.)
"The Poor Law Enigma." By M. Fothergill Robinson. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

3s. 6d. net.)

"Twelve Cambridge Sermons." By J. E. B. Mayor. Edited with a Memoir by H. F. Stewart. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

"La Poésie Française." Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Librairie des Annales. 4 fr.)

"L'Orientation Religieuse de la France Actuelle." Par Paul Sabatier. (Paris: Colin. 3 fr. 50.)

"Paris." Par Philippe Dufour. (Paris: Jouve. 5 fr.)

-90 In the fifth and sixth volumes of Emerson's "Journals," just published by Messrs. Constable, there are a good many passages about books and reading, not always in praise of either. Like most men of letters, Emerson had his moments of impatience with literature, and this mood finds expression in the "Journals." Literature, he says, is "an amusement," a "subterfuge," a "heap of verbs and nouns enclosing an intuition or two, a few ideas, and a few fables." In his view, one man might have written "all the first-rate pieces we call English literature," and as for the great mass of books, they should have "imperfect characters, half-witted persons, and the like persons who are confessedly incapable of working out their own salvation appointed to study these, and render account of them." "The truth is," he adds, "that we are too civil to books. For a few golden sentences we will turn over and actually read a volume of four or five hundred pages. . . . Byron says of Jack Bunting, knew not what to say, and so he swore.' I may say it of our preposterous use of books, 'He knew not what to do, and so he read.' "

YET with all his impatience of books Emerson was a great reader. He relates how, in looking for a story which he thought he remembered in "Quentin Durward," he turned over the volume until he "was fairly caught in the old foolish trap, and read and read to the end of the novel. Then, as often before, I feel indignant to have been duped and dragged after a foolish boy and girl, to see them at last married and portioned, and I instantly turned out like a beggar that has followed a gay procession into the castle." He thinks Disraeli as a novelist to be "well worth reading; quite a good student of his English world, and a very clever expounder of its wisdom and craft; never quite a master." "Vivian Grey" seems to have been written by "a person of lively talent who had rare opportunities of society, and access to the best anecdotes of Europe." Bulwer Lytton is "the dissolute Alcibiades who has been the pupil once of Socrates, and now and then recites a lesson which his master taught him." His worst fault is that he has no style of his own; he is always a collector, and he contributes nothing from his own stores.

It is surprising to find how incapable Emerson was of appreciating Dickens. After having read "Oliver Twist," in obedience "to the opinions of so many intelligent people as have praised it," he made the following entry in his "Journal":-

"The author has an acute eye for costume; he sees the expression of dress, of form, of gait, of personal deformities; of furniture, of the outside and inside of houses; but his eye rests always on surfaces; he has no insight into character. For rests always on surfaces; he has no insight into character. For want of a key to the moral powers, the author is fain to strain all his stage trick of grimace, of bodily terror, of murder, and the most approved performances of Remorse. It all avails nothing, there is nothing memorable in the book except the flash, which is got at a police office, and the dancing of the madman which strikes a momentary terror. Like Cooper and Hawthorne, he has no dramatic talent. The moment he attempts dialogue the improbability of life hardens to wood and stone. And the book begins and ends without a poetic ray, and so perishes in the reading."

This was written in 1839. Nearly three-quarters of a century have passed, and the critical estimates called forth by the approaching centenary of Dickens's birth are in a tone very different from Emerson's strictures.

EMERSON's attitude towards novels in general seems to have been one of suspicion. In one place he goes so far as to admit that he thinks them "fine occasional stimulants." But the novelists of his time were mere ministers to luxury, and their art "only confectionery, not the raising of new . Money and killing and the Wandering Jew, these are the mainsprings still; new names but no new qualities in the dramatis persona." "These novels," he adds, "will give way by and by to diaries or auto-biographies; captivating books, if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls his experiences that which is really his experience, and how to record truth truly!'

SHELLEY and Byron, as well as Dickens, were writers to whose real greatness Emerson was blind. He recognised that Shelley's power "over a large class of the best persons" was so manifest that he ought not to be overlooked. to Emerson himself, Shelley was "wholly unaffecting."

"Shelley is never a poet. His mind is uniformly imitative; all his poems composite. A fine English scholar he is, with taste, ear, and memory; but imagination, the original authentic fire of the bard, he has not. He is clearly modern, and shares with Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Hemans, the feeling of the infinite, which so labors for expression in their different genius. But all his lines are arbitrary, not necessary, and, therefore, though evidently a devout and brave man, I can never read his verses."

And he sums up Byron in the contemptuous sentence: What has Lord Byron at the bottom of his poetry but, 'I am Byron, the noble poet, who am very clever, but not popular in London'?"

THE two authors mentioned oftenest in the "Journal," and for whom Emerson has the most unqualified praise are Landor and Montaigne. He wonders why Landor should have so few readers; declares that no modern writer gives traits of character with more distinct knowledge; and thinks that one could hardly read "Pericles and Aspasia" without "The inimitable learning to write with more elegance. neatness of the sentences, and then the wonderful elegance of suppression and omission which runs through it, might polish a dunce." Over and over again, he praises what he happily calls "the autumnal style" of Montaigne.

"Montaigne's book which is full of fun, poetry, business, divinity, philosophy, anecdote, amut, which dealing of bone and marrow, of cornbarn and flour barrel, of wife and friend, and valet, and things nearest and next, never names names or gives you the glooms of a recent date or relation, but hangs there in the heaven of letters, unrelated, untimed, a joy and a sign, an autumnal star."

PUBLISHERS are already busy with their early spring books, and among the announcements of these is "The Early Court of Queen Victoria, 1837-1841," by Mrs. Jerrold, to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It deals with the period when Melbourne and Baron Stockmar were the Queen's trusted advisers, and we may expect a fresh account of the Bedchamber Plot and other events that tended to make the Queen unpopular during the earlier years of her

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN and Miss Humphris are preparing a biography of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the most popular as well as the greatest poet that Australia has produced. Gordon's life was full of varied incident. He served in the Australian Mounted Police, and was for a time a horse-breaker; but, on his father's death, he inherited a fortune, and was elected to a seat in the House of Assembly. For a time he enjoyed the reputation of being the best non-professional steeplechase rider in Victoria. Mr. Sladen and Miss Humphris will be grateful for letters and reminiscences, which should be sent to Avenue House, Richmond,

Reviews.

PHILOSOPHY AND FAITH.

"The Truth of Religion." By RUDOLF EUCKEN. Translated by W. TUDOR JONES, Ph.D. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.

More and more philosophy is drawn, not to say fascinated, by the problem of religion. It no longer seeks merely to co-exist with religion in its own right; nor does it seek, as it has sometimes done, in a gnostic way, to offer itself as religion; but it tends to regard itself as a prolegomenon of religion, not to say a postulate. This was inevitable as philosophy passed from being mechanical to be idealist; and, still more, as its metaphysic ceased to be so much a metaphysic of substance and being, and became rather a metaphysic of subject, of person, of ethic. We have Bergson contemplating the crowning of his philosophy of the soul with an account of religion, which we all pray he may be spared to give without precipitancy. And here we have Eucken already crowning his influential view of the world by not only construing in its light the truth of religion, but almost offering it as a religion.

It is a mark of the more modern of the real thinkers on such a subject that they work their way through psychology, through experience. Everything, of course, comes to us at first as a state of our consciousness. But is it any more than that at last? If more, what more? What is to deliver us from the body, bondage, and death of our sub-The question is not, what do we feel? it is, what do we feel? Does anything emerge in experience, or does the experience simply bulge? We handle experience, at any rate, and with as much scientific analysis as we can com-mand; we do not catechise ideas, but rather souls. We ask for the contents of the soul rather than the implicates

of thought.

And when it comes to psychology, what we are learning to handle is religious psychology-much impelled (even if no more than impelled) thereto by Dr. William James. The psychology of religion becomes autonomous. We throw off the foreign yoke of a psychology merely natural or scientific, not to say mechanical, laboratory psychology, or the psychology of the schools. We surmount that, with all its brilliant triumphs and attractive aperçus. And we interrogate faith in its classic or crucial cases. We create a psychology of faith. And we do it from within as experients. For the Church and its ministry especially this is of far more moment than an observed psychology of process. And it is in this direction—paying respect to the uniqueness and autonomy of the religious experience—that philosophy seeks to move; and so it does move in such thinkers as Eucken. And this is part of the secret of their vogue with the public, and their influence with them. Even Bergson owes much of his hold on the public already to a sense, stirred by the genius of his thought, of its inevitable bias to religion, and its note of the soul and the soul's primacy. Philosophy becomes moralised, and, in consequence, democratised.

It is a farther consequence that philosophy, dealing with religion as experience, should take quite a new account of history, as the macrocosmic experience; and it treats history as a spiritual document and source, not as the paradigm or process of ideas otherwise discovered. It begins with life and not with thought. Religion is historic because it is social. It concerns not only the individual, but the corporate consciousness; and the corporate consciousness not of any one age but of historic ages. Nor is it only a corporate and historic consciousness that is involved, but a consciousness with positive features, definite modes of feeling and belief; not only objective, not only felt in the subliminal dark, but with definite and cognisable features in its objective, so that we always know it again; that is to say, it is religion not as a mere mystic mood, but with what Eucken calls "characteristic." And there is something beyond that there is the creative, the miraculous nature of this objective in religion. For mere historicism works out, as in Drews, to sheer scepticism. Eucken's view on this point (of the creative in his object) is not quite clear. He is admirably explicit about its imperative. He begins by calling us away from religion as a mere spirituality, from mere subjective religiosity, a mere idealism, to religion as our response and committal to a spiritual world realised by the immediacy of faith. There is indeed a new departure in such a step.

"We have in a spiritual life a new stage within the world; but we have not yet a new world—we have won no over-world as yet."—p. 196.

He insists on the recognition not merely of a spiritual mood, but, with equal directness, of a spiritual world, a spiritual whole, bearing down and in upon us and our moods always, with a right to reign and to be honored at sight. He urges that as prime for religion. This other world—so imminent, so objective—demands that we integrate our life into its totality, and "accept the universe." Without it life is a tale of no meaning. And on this theme Eucken is very rich and rewarding always. He is clear that it is not a case of spiritual humanity returning on itself, like a fountain rising from man's spiritual interior to descend on his upturned face. Not only so, but he recognises that this spiritual world works most powerfully upon our empirical world by crisis, and not by mere permeation. Its note is not sanity: it is revolutionary. As it is based on an experience which is in its nature a supernal and authoritative invasion of this world, so it comes to a struggle with ordinary experience. There is a clash with this world, an assertion of ruling right and of judgment. And one of these worlds must come out supreme. If it is not the other and spiritual world, if its reality and its claim go to pieces upon this world, then religion is destroyed. The spiritual world is to this world not only one whole, not only real, not only aggressive and imperative, but it must be victorious. And we acquire our souls only as they find themselves in this triumphant spiritual All this is an immense advance on the old rationalism and its note of order and sanity everywhere.

But some questions remain, rising from this experienced and historic religion. First, has this spiritual whole power to impress us with its right as well as its reality, its totality? It is complained that Eucken leaves us with an impression of it rather than a conviction or a possession; and also, with less justice, that he does not adjust it to scientific philosophy. Some have missed in it the element scientific philosophy. Some have missed in it the element of the Holy, which Windelband, for instance, urges so finely; or the element of love.

Secondly, is the spiritual world more than imperative and victorious in its nature and right-is it creative? That is to say, does it owe its victory to its own absolute power, or does it have it conferred on it? If it be thus creative, it must be personal—how personal in its nature, Eucken seems a little shy of saying. Yet what notion of creation can we have, except as it is the supreme action of personality, if we are to use experience for any key? Eucken accordingly does not make as much use of the idea of self-revelation as a thorough grasp of the personality of the spiritual power would imply. Like most philosophers, he lays stress rather on the element of intuition than on that of revelation. We search God rather than He searches us; we know rather than are known.

The third question concerns the possibility of condensing the absolute element in historic experience. It concerns the incarnation of the spiritual world, or of the new humanity, in such a person as Jesus Christ. Is the secret of history, the vital characteristic of its spiritual world, at such a summit, from which it always more widely flows; or is it in the sea, to which it always more vastly goes? Eucken would say, perhaps, that we feel it in the pressure of the stream itself. But mere pressure is not characteristic, nor does it contain the right to rule. What is it in the presentation of the spiritual world, beyond its subtle or its imposing quality, that elicits from us a ready, peaceable, and powerful obedience? And where, in intuition of a mere spiritual power, do we find that moral feature with certainty enough to make it a power not only to bow us, not only to lift and deliver us from our subjectivity (to say nothing of our guilt), but to carry us, and carry us out safe, and through all, to demand our obedience? Does revelation involve redemption, or, as even von Hartmann would say, The weakness of our intuition is its variability, till we have had time to adjust and correct the fluctuations of our insight. But by that time it is our time to die. By the time we can verify our intuition it is time to die. Eucken seems to suggest, and indeed says, that the true effect of any particular epoch lies in the fact that it illumines the path to the Eternal, and not that it holds mankind fast in itself (p. 477). Does that apply to a person within an age? He does not think (p. 483) that a past figure can be an object of worship. Religion, to survive, must rest on an ultimate supernatural fact; but that fact is the Whole as recognised by a soul which integrates itself into it: it cannot be a historic person. But such discussion cannot be pursued here.

In Eucken, as in Fichte, we have the philosopher as preacher. He has a lift, a message, and even a stress and passion. He not only handles life, he would spread, enrich, and fortify it. And he is a great force for the restoration of idealism in his own land. But he is a preacher equipped with philosophy rather than theology. He is an inspired lecturer on the spiritual life and its integration in the Whole. We are in the world of impression more than of revelation, of intuition rather than regeneration. It is not a question of theological dogmas here, but of theological method, mental diction and procedure. To some Eucken's position will seem an advantage, to others a disqualification. Here the fact can only be noted, and discussion left, whether his apparatus is adequate to the specific nature of the fact and the experience he handles.

It is hardly possible, in a brief review, to give any due impression of the extreme value of a book like this, so far as it goes, both for mind and soul; nor of the fineness and intimacy of its touch on life. To many it has meant new footing in the spiritual world, a new horizon in their view of life and things. The nature of the mortal conflict in the soul of our civilisation is thoroughly grasped; and the book forms a lofty rebuke to those on both sides who regard the trouble as mere malaise, or treat it as a childish complaint with domestic simples. Whatever we think of the answer, it poses the question with due spiritual power. And that is half of any answer.

With much reluctance and regret, the translation must be called, at the mildest, unsatisfactory, as if done against time; which is a misfortune when the German style is so good, and when the book has not only a theory for a school, but a message to men.

P. T. FORSYTH.

THE LONG-TIME MYSTERY OF THE NORTH.

"In Northern Mists," By Sir Fridtjof Nansen, G.C.V.O. (Heinemann. Two vols, 30s. net.)

Sie Fridtjof Nansen's two volumes, "In Northern Mists," constitute a colossal piece of research on geographical knowledge and conjecture from about 1000 s.c. to the end of the sixteenth century. The title is, perhaps, somewhat misleading: it seems to imply a record of such adventures—among icebergs, whales, walruses, and bears—as we usually meet in the stories of Arctic explorers; but these exciting things are all absent. It is a book, not for the school-boy, but for the historian and the archæologist. Every source of information has been tapped—Greek, Roman, Irish, Norse, German, and even Arab.

It is impossible to separate the long-drawn-out mystery of the polar regions from the theories which men held concerning the size and shape of the earth, the distances of the sun, moon, and stars, and other astronomical subjects. It is a great mistake to suppose that before the age of modern science the earth was always considered to be a plate. In the days of Ancient Chaldea, there were observers of the stars who noticed that in Northern skies there are some stars that never set, and, moreover, that there is a particular point in the sky that never changes its place. observed also that round this point all the visible stars seem to perform a daily (or nightly) motion. More significant still was their observation that, as they travelled more and more towards the North, the number of those stars that never set increases; and, as Sir Fridtjof Nansen truly says, from this observation it was only a short step to the deduction that the earth could not be a plate, but a curved solid of some kind, whether spherical or quasi-spherical. Pythagoras, about 500 s.c., did actually hold the view that the earth is a sphere, although the common belief both before and long after his time was in favor of a flat earth, a circular plate with an ocean running all round its rim and sending some of its waters over the surface of the plate, thus forming bays and sheets of water, such as the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf.

To the student of popular beliefs Sir Fridtjof Nansen's history of these amusing perversions, and the very numerous maps in which they are embodied, are exceedingly entertaining. How this grotesque picture of our earth survived in spite of the correct scientific teaching of the Greeks may, But the Romans were not the indeed, cause wonder. people to found or to uphold physical science: it was foreign to their genius, and to it they contributed nothing. Great soldiers and administrators, they never produced a geometer or a geographer, and they have no record for voyages of exploration, such as distinguish the Phænicians, the Carthaginians, and the Greeks. And when there was a chance that knowledge of the Northern parts of Europe might increase, this chance was destroyed by the roving, warlike tribes of central Europe, who broke the flow of trade between the Mediterranean and the countries to the north. The science of the Greeks was almost lost, and a further decline is noticeable when the early Middle Ages are reached. A well-nigh finishing blow to Greek astronomical science was, as Sir Fridtjof Nansen points out, administered, at least for a time, by the introduction of Christianity-

"which gave mankind new values in life, whereby the old ones came into disrepute. Knowledge of distant lands and of the still more distant heavens was looked upon as something like folly and madness. For all knowledge was to be found in the Bible, and it was specially commendable to reconcile all profane learning therewith."

Isaiah, Job, and Ezekiel were held to reveal a flat earth with Jerusalem in the centre, and thus scientific knowledge was for a long time crippled. It may, however, be mentioned that the Anglo-Saxon monk, the Venerable Bede, believed the earth to be a sphere, for the reason which convinced the ancient Chaldeans.

The era of voyages of discovery in Arctic regions may be said to begin with the efforts of the Irish monks, about 800 A.D., when these intrepid adventurers discovered both the Faroe Islands and Iceland; for, although the Phœnicians had long preceded them as sailors, and had even visited parts of Northern Europe, the Phoenicians were cautious and unventuring, following coast-lines and threading their way round bays and gulfs, while the Irish and, subsequently, to a still greater extent, the Norsemen were real ocean explorers. Then, again, in appraising the work of these daring spirits, we must bear in mind that they received no guidance from lodestone or compass; they sailed by their wits and such observations of sun and stars as they could make when both were not obscured by clouds or fogs. It was thus inevitable that they should often be driven thousands of miles from their intended goal, and frequently in the opposite direction. Probably, the first really great achievement of oceanic exploration by the Norsemen was the discovery of Greenland, about 970 A.D., by Eric the Red, sailing from Iceland; and as a result of his venture into the unknown, a settlement was established on the western side of the new country. Norse daring received a great impetus from Eric's discovery; for his son, Leif Ericson, steered from Greenland to Norway with the deliberate intention of reaching the latter without using Iceland as a half-way house. Sir Fridtjof Nansen says, very truly, that this was an exploit equal to the greatest in history.

At this point it becomes an almost evident necessity that the Norsemen of the time of Eric and Leif discovered some part of the Northern coast of America. A drifting out of one's course from Western Greenland, of much less magnitude than driftings of which the Norsemen had already experience, would easily lead to the discovery of the American Continent; and therefore we can readily agree with Sir Fridtjof Nansen, even without special evidence, that America was thus early discovered—at least, in its most inhospitable part. It does not appear, however, to be likely that any part of the Continent eligible for settlement could have been discovered by the Norsemen; for, if the discovery of Greenland led to the establishment of Norse settlements, we should certainly expect that, à fortiori, the discovery of the more southerly coast of the American Continent would have attracted large numbers of people in search of fruitful lands.

But just at this stage of the history we are presented

with a problem, to the solution of which Sir Fridtjof Nansen devotes a great amount of consideration and research-a problem which was the main theme of the lecture which he recently delivered in the Schools at Oxford to an overflowing audience. Leif Ericson did not directly reach Norway; he was driven out of his course, and he reached the Hebrides instead. Thence, however, he reached Norway; and when returning to Greenland with a priest, for the purpose of introducing Christianity, he was again driven out of his course, and in his wanderings he came to a land of which he gave subsequently a glowing description—a land with selfsown wheat-fields and wild vines, where snow never falls and cattle remain out all the winter. The most natural inference from this is that Leif must have drifted to some tropical part of America, although the whole of the description does not apply. This land he named "Wineland the Good," and its position gave rise to much speculation. We are much amused by a map of Northern Europe, constructed about 1070, A.D., by Adam of Bremen, showing Wineland as an island lying comfortably on the borders of the frozen Arctic Ocean! However, to make a long story short, Sir Fridtjof Nansen identifies it with the "Fortunate Isles," most probably the Canary Isles, to the west of the North Coast of Africa; so that Leif and his Norsemen must have been driven even farther than usual over the Atlantic Ocean.

The knowledge gained by the Norsemen was not, however, a permanent acquisition; the mists closed again until the times of Cabot and Columbus; but England gained a great future benefit from the deeds of the Norse adventurers. It was in their school that English sailors had their earliest training; and it was from the subsequent attempts to discover the North-East and the North-West passages across the Polar Ocean that, as Sir Fridtjof Nansen says, "the sea-power and Imperial dominion of England drew its vigor."

NAPOLEON'S LEADER OF CAVALRY.

"Joachim Murat." By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

MURAT, le beau sabreur de la Grande Armée, eclipses in our thought Murat, the King of Naples. Fancy always depicts the bold Gascon careering at the head of his troopers, clad in glittering robes, now of a Polish noble, now of a Neapolitan grandee, brandishing his whip, and thundering out "Chargez!" We can scarcely think of him at rest, in a Court, aping the customs of the ancien régime which his dashing valor had done so much to shatter. He was ever the headlong fighter, the generous friend, the unreflecting opponent; and it was fitting, perhaps, that he should die a violent death; for, with all his bravery, wisdom dwelt not in him.

It is, therefore, a fine subject which Mr. Atteridge has essayed. The present volume comes aptly to supplement his excellent work, "Napoleon's Brothers," and it possesses a unity of theme and a dramatic interest lacking in the former, which was necessarily somewhat tripartite. Here we have the story of the son of the innkeeper of La Bastide, a village near Cahors. That town produced Gambetta; and it is a little surprising that Mr. Atteridge has not suggested a slight parallel between the two Gascons, who, in different times and ways, it is true, but with the same ardent, almost flamboyant heroism, loved, served, and gave their lives for France. The early part of this book is of interest as showing how a soldier could go through the revolutionary time without much interference on the score of politics. On one or two occasions Murat found it convenient to allege his humble birth as a sufficient reply to an insidious charge of aristocratic leanings; but, on the whole, he passed through the times of the Terror, of the ensuing anti-Robespierre reaction, with far fewer ups and downs than Bonaparte. On the one occasion when he was accused of incivisme by his chef de brigade, Landrieux, he successfully retorted by a counter-charge, which he signed as "Marat." The trick was characteristic of the man who afterwards intrigued against General Brune, and cajoled the Austrian defenders of the bridge over the Danube near Vienna. The Gascon nature, despite its proneness to rodomontade, is not averse from the use of guile; and this quality certainly helped Murat forward on several occasions. It is unfortunate that so few materials exist for reconstructing the history of the French horse during the revolutionary Republicans were not strong in this arm, probably because it has always been the most Royalist of the three arms. Therefore a good outpost leader, such as Murat proved to be in Flanders, soon came to the front. A lucky chance placed him in command of the 21st Chasseurs, whom Barras (not Bonaparte, as Mr. Atteridge says) ordered to secure the guns of the Paris National Guard on the Place des Sablons early in that eventful day, 13 Vendémiaire (October 5th), 1795. Murat's boldness in snatching the guns from the control of a battalion of National Guards went far to decide the issue of the ensuing conflict. But we may note in passing that Bonaparte was not second in command under Barras, as Mr. Atteridge states. He was merely one among seven generals who held equal commands under the new Director.

As chef de brigade in the "Army of Italy," Murat effectively charged the Austrians at Dego in the pass between the Maritime Alps and Apennines, and a few days later distinguished himself equally against the Sardinians at Mondovi, a few miles farther west, thereby helping to drive those allies apart and compelling the Court of Turin to sue for an armistice. With equal speed and dexterity he pounced on Leghorn at the end of June and seized large stores of British merchandise. Captured at Brescia by the Austrians under Quosdanovich, he broke his parole, and shared in the final pursuit of the beaten Austrians into In the next series of engagements Mr. Atteridge omits to notice the French reverse at Caldiero, east of Verona, which their writers minimise; in reality it was far more than a check. Retrieved by the three days at Arcola, the fortunes of the French now brightened; and against the last Austrian attempt to save Mantus, that which led to the Battle of Rivoli, Murat rendered good service by a rapid raid up Lake Garda against the rear of the Imperialists.

The Egyptian campaign confirmed the estimate of Murat as a dashing leader of cavalry, as was seen at the Battle of Aboukir against the Turkish force entrenched on that peninsula. Murat's services were there so conspicuous as to call for a far better description of the battle than Mr. Atteridge here offers. From the narratives of French memoir-writers, we are able to picture the scene—the confusion caused by the rush of the Turks from their entrenchments, after a first slight success, in order to cut off the heads of the French slain and wounded; the rapid rally of the French, and Murat's charge through the gap left in the defenders' lines. All this is inadequately portrayed here; and there is little life in the account of Murat's personal combat with the Turkish seraskier. As being the first signal proof of Murat's sword-play, it deserved a fuller description, also an explanation of Murat's skill with the sabre.

His services to Bonaparte during the coup d'état of Brumaire (November 10th, 1799) were such as to assure him the favor of the First Consul. He wedded Caroline Bonaparte, and soon became possessed of great wealth. Mr. Atteridge does not explain the defective services of the French cavalry under Murat before the Battle of Marengo (June 14th, 1800). Undoubtedly they acted poorly in not locating and holding the Austrians before the battle began, and therefore it went badly for Bonaparte's scattered divisions until Desaix's force came up from the south, whereupon young Kellermann's charge with two brigades of Murat's horse turned the fortunes of the day. whole affair needs much fuller inquiry than is here devoted to it. Far abler were Napoleon's dispositions for his cavalry, under the command of Murat, in the wide-sweeping movements round the rear of Mack's Austrian army at Ulm (October, 1805). Here the genius of the Emperor and the activity of Murat are seen almost at their zenith. French horsemen formed a moving screen behind which their columns wheeled in security, while Mack remained long in ignorance of the plans that assured his doom. Mr. Atteridge gives a clear and spirited account of these movements, and justly defends Murat from the ungenerous comments of his chief on the really brilliant success gained at Westingen; censure is, however, justly bestowed on Murat for ordering part of Ney's corps across the Danube and leaving it

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exposed to a stroke from the enemy. Murat's vain words to -"I make my plans in the presence of the enemy"sufficiently reveal the vanity and the limitations of the man. He was seen at his best on occasions that demanded prompt decision and a headlong rush at the enemy; but, amidst the complex operations of a campaign, he lost his way as completely as his subordinate, Grouchy, did before Waterloo. Good cavalry leaders rarely possess strategic insight. Murat's finest exploits were against the retreating Prussians after their double disaster at Jena-Auerstädt. With the help of an excellent map, Mr. Atteridge follows him day by day, from October 15th, at Erfurt, to Stettin, October 29th, and thence westwards after Blücher to Lübeck and Ratkau (November 7th). On the average, Murat's squadrons covered twenty or twenty-one miles a day, and brought about the surrenders of large bodies of Prussians at Prenzlau (near Stettin) and at Ratkau, on the Danish frontier. Only a great cavalry leader could perform such feats against an enemy hitherto deemed invincible. The capture of three fortresses en route—Magdeburg, Spandau, and Stettin—by the exercise of unequalled powers of "bluff," was, of course, due to the mental panic of elderly or timid governors; but the daring and enterprise of Murat in those three weeks sufficed to win a triumph which has no parallel in the history of war. On the other hand, Murat's reckless charge at Heilsberg against a Russian force, defended by entrenchments and a gulley in front, badly cut up his squadrons, and led to Napoleon ordering him towards Königsberg, so that he did not share in the crowning glory of Friedland

As Mr. Atteridge points out, Murat had no head for politics. He saw clearly enough that Napoleon wished to make a tool of him in the judicial murder of the Duc d'Enghien; but he had not the strength of mind absolutely to repel his chief's compromising overtures, and therefore drifted into the position of accessory to a crime which he abhorred. Napoleon saw the weakness of his brother-in-law, and, while flattering his vanity and childish love of display, was not slow to take advantage of it. His treatment of him while Grand Duke of the Duchy of Berg was often contumelious in'the extreme; and in sending him as Lieutenant of the Emperor in Spain in the spring of 1808, he further made an unworthy use of him to cajole and ruin the Spanish dynasty. Leaving him in utter ignorance of his ulterior aims, he bade him occupy Madrid and get possession of the northern fortresses. By various subterfuges Murat succeeded, believing all the time that the Crown of Spain was to go to him. Having successfully played off Charles IV. of Spain and his son, Ferdinand VII., against one another, Murat was naturally indignant at being sent off to the throne of Naples, whence Joseph Bonaparte was summoned to Madrid. Mr. Atteridge tells the whole story with force and point, justly rejecting as a forgery the so-called Napoleon letter of March 29th, 1808, which has deceived only the blindest of the Emperor's admirers. It is undoubtedly a clumsy fabrication of Las Casas at St. Helena, which aimed at retrieving the Emperor's character for foresight, if not honesty, and at throwing the burden of blame for the Spanish affair on Murat.

All things considered, it is not surprising that Murat finally decided to abandon the fortunes of Napoleon. After long vacillations in 1813, he broke away in the following year, in a way which Mr. Atteridge thus aptly characterises—"He was no champion of lost causes, and he knew more of horsemanship than of chivalry." Perhaps his conduct may in part be justified: his many humiliations at the hands of Napoleon blotted out the memory of earlier benefits. On the whole, Mr. Atteridge has done his work well; but we could have wished for less hasty accounts of Marengo, the retreat from Moscow, Dresden, and Wachau (near Leipzig). To the last-named (as also to Marengo) General Sir Evelyn Wood devoted two articles in his "Achievements of Cavalry," a work which should have been consulted. The mistakes of Murat at Wachau were so characteristic as to demand at least a passing notice. The narrative is at its best in the portions dealing with personal, political, or social topics. The author gives Murat full credit for his desires and achievements as King of Naples, and shows the pathos of the tragedy at Pizzo which cut short a once brilliant career.

In respect to details, the Index must be pronounced inadequate; references to authorities are far too scanty;

and there are several misprints, e.g., "Bournouville" for "Beurnonville," "Gunsburg" for "Günzburg." It is also singular to find Meissonier's famous picture, "1814," doing duty for the Retreat from Moscow! Among other points we may note that the French capture of Valetta in June, 1798, was not "bloodless," as Marmont's Memoirs show; Bernadotte's corps, moving from Hanover towards Ulm, would not cross the Rhine, as is stated on p. 117. Murat's trickery respecting the capture of the bridge over the Danube near Vienna receives far too light censure as an exploit "not to be proud of." The word "Italianist" (p. 219), used as denoting Murat's sympathy with Italian patriots, is a reprehensible solecism. Murat's chase of the Russians beyond Smolensk did not "commit" Napoleon to the march on Moscow, which resulted from a fundamental error of judg-ment. Borodino was not "the last" of Napoleon's victories. It was scarcely a victory. Moreover, Lützen, Bautzen, and Dresden in 1813, and half-a-dozen victories in 1814, rebut the statement. In the Appendix dealing with authorities on the subject, there is no mention of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's "Napoleonic Statesmanship: Germany," which contains an excellent account of the administration of the Grand Duchy of Berg, both in Murat's time and in 1808-14.

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It is this curiosity in words that might have been expected to prove a stumbling block. The man who travels the world "fitting aptest words to things" is only too likely either to kill the thing or to make it unrecognisable. Tennyson paid the penalty more than once, as, for example, when he wrote the line

"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,"

and expected readers to take him literally and understand the words to be spoken by the rooks. It is far commoner for such writers to produce a sense merely of words which are altogether removed from the air, the color, and the scale of Nature. We have been astonished to see how Mr. Desmond keeps out of this misfortune. He appears to court it again and again. He refuses—unconsciously and naturally, no doubt—to be an impressionist. He insists on being precise; we dread again and again lest the tracing-paper of the vain copyist should be seen. But a deep, always secret, vein of emotion keeps him true. He calls his essays "the impression of a City-worn man, who has found now and then an hour to renew former pleasures among the birds and flowers," and he says that "if they can give to those similarly situated an occasional impulse to take a walk in the fields or on the hills, their

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main object will be accomplished." The book proves these words to be the modesty of feeling and not of Chinese He concludes this note with the words, "I have only tried to set up a sign-post, directing the traveller in a beautiful laud; the words upon it have not been obliterated by flourishes, but I hope they intimate something of the joys to be found." Here certainly is joy without flourishes, many intimations, and no professions. He says once, "Many of the writer's best boyish discoveries were made at times when he had wandered away from his fellows definitely because they displeased him." allows himself hardly more in any of these four hundred and sixty pages, and never an "I" instead of "we" except in the preface.

We should like to quote "The One Sunrise" as an extraordinary success in Mr. Desmond's style of precise, vigilant writing, so firm and close that we wonder how The feeling is not in every the feeling finds interstices. sentence, but it has found interstices, and it sweetens the whole, which is a description in colors, lines, and sounds, of an Easter morning from three until half-past six, when the sun was warm and "the invitation of the moss just there was so very inviting that we stretched our limbs upon it and slept as safely and as happily as on a mid-summer afternoon." It is the writing of an exquisite connoisseur, and yet entirely fresh and sweet, the connoisseurship surviving only in a jewelled clearness. He reminds us, in fact, of those old painters, whom he spoke of in this passage:-

"The sky at the zenith is of that indefinite, evasive blue, with which sometimes very artistic jewellers display their diamonds. They copied it, of course, as best they could, from the midnight sky in which the stars shine. But the morning sky is altogether an elusive color. It is all the colors of an opal, without the opal's liveliness of change, but yet seeming to change invisibly as we look at any part of it. At first sight it is of a pink flush—no, it is cerulescent; nay, pea-green, shrouded in French grey. Or it is the blue of blue eyes veined with fire, provided always that you cannot see the veins, or that they come and go like a perfect visionary network. The old painters of stained-glass windows did the best they could by doing their skies in a design of flowers, and no painter since has got nearer the mystery than that."

Mr. Desmond can describe a day's fishing by a series of excellently expressed details, and yet give a unity of impression undisturbed by the obtrusiveness of any one detail. That he misses continuity and flow is inevitable; that he survives it so happily is wonderful. The nightjar was never so described with this precision before. bird's flight and song are photographed half a-dozen times without a blur and without a sense of the camera remaining, without any troubling of the hour when "the first cool shadow descends on the hot leaves of the wood, and the cold lamps of the glow-worm are beginning to peep in the bank under the hazels." "The Cuckoo's "The Cuckoo's Mate," beginning with the "tree on the South Downs that has probably had more wrynecks in it than any other tree in the British Isles," is microscopic without shutting out the air. Mr. Desmond is, by the way, indignant at the "cruel misnomer" of the wryneck's family name of "shrieker," and will have it that "there is not a gentler, mellower, happier cry in the whole gamut of an April day than the seven-fold 'Pap-pay-pay,' as some have written it.' We shall not quarrel with him on a pure matter of taste or philology, but rather on two very small matters: first his supposing that the lake of Jefferies's boyhood was a brick-pit instead of a valley full of water, and the second his attributing to the poet "the murmur of innumerable bees in immemorial elms," when Tennyson wrote :-

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms, The murmur of innumerable bees."

Mr. Desmond's meticulous accuracy demands such We have not the art to give them minor corrections. their proportionate importance. We would gladly suppress them altogether could we replace them by a passage to represent with any justice the essay on Snowdon, or on a city garden, or on a chiffchaff, or on toadstools, or on the robin, or on the fox, who was a bit of a nuisance, but "many a man who has done a hundred times as much harm, has passed away under a mound of flowers and deeply regretted." We cannot possibly do so. Vale atque ave.

NOVELS FOR CHRISTMAS.

- "The Pilgrim Kamanita." By KARL GJELLERUP. (Heine-"The Breath of the Desert." By H. CLAYTON EAST. (Duck-
- worth. 6s.)
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 "Dan Russell the Fox." By E. E. Somerville and Martin
- Ross. (Methuen. 6s.)

In "The Pilgrim Kamanita: A Legendary Romance of the Days of Buddha," Karl Gjellerup has achieved something out of the common. In general, one's suspicion of European handling of Oriental themes is justified. Even when the ornamentation, local color, and picturesque accessories of a period have been successfully appropriated, the spirit of the life depicted has been recognisably of Western paternity: Mr. Karl Gjellerup's romance, admirably Englished by Mr. J. E. Logie, is obviously inspired by a very careful study of Hindu literature, and it reproduces, in a faithful degree, the Buddhistic teaching of the illusion of all sensuous existence, set off scenically against a rich, tapestried background of Hindu civilisation. The story takes the form of a narrative of the experiences of Kamanita, the rich merchant's son, who falls in love with the incomparable Vasitthi, while on a visit to the ancient city of Kosambi. Kamanita, on his journey home, is captured by the cruel robber chief, Angulimala, and the story is enriched at this point by a most ingenious dissertation, delivered by the ex-priest, Vajaçravas, on the Esoteric doctrine of the eater and the eaten, the robber and the robbed, the slayer and the slain. The robber band is, however, routed by Kamanita's rival, Satagira, the son of the Minister of Kosambi, into whose power also falls the Kamanita, in his despair, trembling heroine, Vasitthi. then passes through a series of disillusionments, exhausting the world of earthly, sensuous joys, till at last he meets his beloved Vasitthi again, and is by her indoctrinated with the teaching of the Perfect One, the Discerner of Men, the Fully-Enlightened One, the Buddha. Everybody interested in Hindu life and literature will be grateful to the author for the atmospheric truth of the tale.

In "The Breath of the Desert," H. Clayton East has

stitched together with the threads of a passing love story a series of light, but skilfully diversified, impressions of modern Egypt. Great must be the fascination of a land and its human story that can make attractive the figures of an English society woman and a military man so ordinary as Madeleine and Frank, the husband and wife of the tale. And yet it is a little hard on the heroine, who dashes off these travel-sketches and the emotional diary, to label her ordinary, for she has a quick wit and quite unusual frank-Her husband, the matter-of-fact "Sauterelle," as he is maliciously nicknamed, is the perfect type and model of a husband who has lost all power to please his nimblebrained, exacting wife. Madeleine has an affaire du cœur with a mysteriously magnetic stranger, an Englishman on secret service, "a tall, strong figure, quiet with the quiet of immovable strength," who rescues her in the streets of Cairo, and has the pleasing habit of turning up on all occasions when Madeleine feels hopelessly weary and misunderstood. But we know that this English lady, deep down, is only playing the exciting game of romantic affinities, and that she will never really sacrifice her worldly position and the comforts the "poor little Sauterelle" gives her for any poor man's beaux yeux. Better done are the frank passages, such as Chapter XV., with its description of how the Englishwoman feels "the lust of plunder" on her, and drags off her officer friends to rifle the tombs and rip open the mummies of the Priests of Kenementi. Good, too, are the chapters entitled "Cotton Worm" and "The Mudir's with their spice of feminine humor. The book is Dinner." one that should interest lovers of Egypt.

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to painting the idyllic situations, mellow humors, and sunny corners of an old-fashioned environment. In "The Revenues of the Wicked" Mr. Raymond has written a very charming story of life in an isolated Exmoor village, a village not difficult to identify. The author's eye is as keen as ever for the humorous shades of rustic manners, and he conveys admirably the undertone of village witticisms in his racy dialogue. His picture of the cunning of the Isaac Cledworths, father and son, who lay a trap for the guilty farmer, Mr. John Scutt, who has thriven by stealing his neighbors' sheep, under cover of the deep sea-fogs that sweep up from the Bristol Channel, must be taken from life, and Mr. Raymond knows local practices too well to stumble in his account of how the parents sacrifice their peace of mind in the hope of securing their daughter's future. the same time the tale cannot be considered typical of ordinary farming life, and we are disposed to wish that this experienced author could make a clean break with the dramatic situations that captured the imaginations of the popular novelists of the 'seventies. The story is no doubt one that will be popular with the general public that cares nothing about artistic ways and means so long as it receives pleasure from the effect.

It is curious how significant is the title of Mr. Farnol's "The Money Moon," a pleasing romance of pseudo-English country life that is obviously destined to capture the imagination of our American cousins. The conjunction of money and moon, indeed, symbolises that determined chase after the dollar and that inflation of the sentimental emotions which seem so characteristic of American "brightness." Everything is bright in "The Money Moon"; everything wears that air of chromo-lithographic unreality which in literature and art seems to fascinate an ultra-practical and "brainy" people. The hero, George Bellew, is, of course, an American millionaire, who, when jilted by the fascinating Sylvia Marchmont for the noble titles of the Duke of Ryde, disguises himself, and sets forth on a walking tour in the idyllic Weald of Kent. Naturally, he soon happens across a lady in distress, even more beautiful, more estimable, more desirable in her radiant soulfulness than the defaulting Sylvia. Old friends, accessory figures that might have been borrowed with compound interest from the pages of Dickens, turn up in the persons of the good Sergeant Appleby, and the cobbler, Peter Day, characters who are the faithful watchdogs of the beautiful Miss Anthea. Naturally, money plays a conspicuous part in the idyllic tale, Miss Anthea's farm being mortgaged and her ancestral furniture sold over her head to meet the claims of villainous creditors. It is all very American: American in flavor, in atmosphere, in moral, and in meaning, and, as such, should be one of the "big sellers," and harvest the richest crops under the beams of the transatlantic "Money Moon."
"A Touch of Fantasy" should give English people some

useful lights on Young Australia's outlook. The story tells how Hugh, the pale, quiet, innocent Civil Service clerk, falls in love with and marries Nancy, the vital, beautiful girl of lower-class extraction, who has, unbeknown to him, "a past." Hugh "faces the music," and pardons his wife the serious deceit she has practised upon him. The story is a thoughtful one, and rings true, though some minor scenes of a Sydney boarding-house will strike the fastidious English reader as a little crude in taste.

In "Dan Russell the Fox," the clever authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." continue the literary entertainment which has made them one of the minor wonders of the Western World, as an exuberant fellow-countryman might put it. The success of the book is Mrs. Delanty, the adroit widow who works everything to her own advantage, and is as knowing in the affairs of her neighbors' hearts as she is in horse-dealing. The charming girl, Katherine Rowan, who comes to the South of Ireland to hunt with Mr. Fitz-Symons's hounds, falls passionately in love with his penniless step-brother, John Michael, the Whip, a soft, rough, handsome broth of a boy. But he will have none of her, and he tells his mother vehemently, "I'd rather sweep a kennel in America!" Nor does the wily Mrs. Delanty fare any better. Her little passage with the shy, unwilling young Irishman might be a burlesque on some stanzas of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." But the But the joy of the book lies, of course, in the deliciously-exuberant Hibernian humor. We take a passage at a venture, but

there are much finer blackberries on the bush than the one we have picked :-

The outer door of the kitchen here opened violently, and Kate, the General, burst in with a foaming can of milk in one hand, a lantern in the other, and a healthful countenance blazing with tidings.

blazing with tidings.

"There's a gentleman after coming into the yard," she hissed. "I'd say it was the one was here last Sunday, and he leading a foxy horse, and it lame."

"Light the drawing-room fire!" commanded the widow, already on her feet. "It's Fanshawe. If the horse is very bad he might have to stay for dinner."

"Merciful God!" interjected Kate, dashing the wisps of rellow help out of her eyes.

"Merciful God!" interjected Kate, dashing the wisps of yellow hair out of her eyes.

"I'll give you my word as soon as I can. There's a tin of soup. Devil what is left of the beef—a sweet omelette; toasted cheese. Don't open the soup till I give you word—!" She snatched the lantern out of Kate's red fist and was gone. Miss Scanlan had said nothing; she had already caught up a paraffin can and a box of matches, and was away, like an incendiary, to the drawing-room.

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THE Christmas holidays, which give four days of vacation to the London Stock Exchange, are always preceded by a period of comparative inactivity in the markets, largely because the minds and purses of investors are occupied with festive thoughts and festive expenditure. Nevertheless, during the last few days there have been considerable purchases of Home Railways, partly through increasing hopes that the coal strike will be avoided, partly because most of the lines have taken steps to recoup themselves for their recent increase of wages by adding a small percentage to season tickets and excursions. These small adjustments should avoid the danger of a conflict with merchants and shippers, which might have resulted from any attempt to increase rates for the movement of goods. To judge by traffics, the next dividends will be at least as good or better than the last, in spite of the losses caused by the railway strike; and upon this basis, with an excellent trade outlook, the prospects of investors in the Home Railway Market at current prices are by no means bad.

CHRISTMAS CRITICISMS.

The Stock Exchange year has been spoilt by the Morocco crisis; the fear of war cast a long gloom over all the speculative markets, and they have only begun to recover during the last month. Strikes and labor troubles also constituted a grave menace to capital, restricting both enterprise and speculation at home. But, happily, the actual mischief done to trade was comparatively slight. In fact, this Christmas, to judge by the figures of employment, pauperism, and other tests, the home and foreign trade of the United Kingdom is even better than a year ago. The chief improvements on last Christmas are in the cotton trade of Lancashire, iron and steel, and in the shipping and shipbuilding trades. The extraordinary prosperity of shipping, and the boom in freights, are no doubt partly responsible for the monster shipping combination which results from the absorption of the Union Castle by the Royal Mail and the Elder, Dempster. A few weeks ago Union Castle shares were selling at 14 or 15, and they are to be bought into the Combine at the price of £32 10s. This tall price is supposed to be explained in part by an arrangement with the South African Government in regard to the mail service; but it is difficult to see how, after such a price has been paid, the shares of the new combination can be regarded as free from water, or likely to yield a fair interest. Another active stock, of which genuine investors should beware at the present prices, is the London General Omnibus, which reached 182 a day or two ago. At the annual meeting yesterday week it was stated that the Company will build immediately 1,000 new motor-'buses, an enormous (and from the shareholders' point of view rather perilous) addition to the existing number of 1,366, especially as there is likely to be a good deal of competition. On the same day the Official Receiver told the shareholders of the Bank of Egypt a good deal about the mismanagement of its affairs, and some curious reasons were advanced for the resignation of Lord Milner from the Board of Directors. The Official Receiver said that the directors had neglected their duty in allowing their general manager, Luzzatti Pasha (who died in February, 1909), a free hand. He also described their system of financing the Bank by means of three months' bills as reprehensible, since "any

difficulty in selling this paper at any time would have caused He also blamed the Board-not the Bank's suspension. too severely—for misleading shareholders and the public by distributing dividends which were not justified. If there are any more affairs of this kind, the need for a Bank Law, with stringent provisions, will be felt; and it is a sign of the time. 'at the jury in the Charing Cross Bank case added a recommendation that the use of the word Bank should be by law restricted to properly conducted institutions.

AMERICAN RECEIVERSHIPS.

Stockbrokers are fond of telling investors to go abroad. As a matter of fact, home investments are generally safest. How many American railways (after one has mentioned the Pennsylvania) can be counted as really safe? Most of them have pretty discreditable records; and the risk of a receivership is in many cases quite real. This last week the Wabash has gone into a Receiver's hands, and a New York critic, in the "Evening Post," reminds us that when something bad is going to happen to an American line its stocks usually spurt upwards. Then the shareholders are very suspicious, and always suspect the advice of brokers and other experts. Of this he gives a recent instance. In 1909 the Chicago Great Western came to grief, but the security holders thought it was a dodge to make them sell out. In the reorganisation of the Chicago Great Western in 1909, the resistance of the security-holders was remarkably illustrated. After a reorganisation plan had been tentatively agreed upon between the principal English and American shareholders, a rise occurred in the Preferred B stock, which had been selling below 10. It got up to 17. The object of the manipulation was to create a market for some of the English stock. After it had been sold, the reorganisation plan was authoritatively, but unofficially, published, the purpose of those in charge of the market being to allow plenty of time for holders of the B stock who might not be willing to pay the proposed assessment to change places with those who would. The plan provided for an assessment of \$15 a share, and, in that case, the Preferred B stock was worth only a nominal price-that is, \$2 or \$3 a share. But it was selling at 17. In the mere price of the stock there was such presumption of value that people simply would not believe the outline of the reorganisation plan had been published in good faith. For weeks and weeks the stock fluctuated between 15 and 17, whereas it ought to have been selling at 2 or 3; and at length the rumer arose that the insiders themselves were buying the stock, and had procured to be published a false outline of the reorganisation plan, in order to frighten little holders into selling out. This view at one time was so prevalent that letters were written to the newspapers protesting against the methods of the insiders, and the distrust reacted upon even some of the insiders who began to suspect one another. But in the end the stock declined to 4, and was assessed \$15 a share!

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Palestine, Syria,

The National Children's Home and Orphanage, of Bonner Road, Bethnal Green, makes a special appeal for substantial help. There are nearly 100 children on the waiting List, and the Committee has arranged to make immediate provision for every child for whom a special gift of five guineas is provided. The Home is one of the largest child-saving institutions in the world. One of its latest developments is the excellent Sanatorium for Consumptive Children at Harpenden.

It is proposed during the coming year to transfer the headquarters from Bethnal Green to Harpenden, where the Committee has secured a very suitable estate. About £25,000 is still needed to meet the developments to which the Institution is already committed. Remittances should be addressed to the Principal, Rev. Dr. Gregory, National Children's Home, Bonner Road, N.E.

The Bible Lands Missions' Aid Society, of which Lord Kinnaird is Treasurer, holds an unique position. It employs neither missionary nor agent, but distributes money aids to the various Evangelical missions, helping over a tight place here, sustaining a Biblewoman or native worker there; encouraging extension work at one place, lending a helping hand to open a new station elsewhere.

The field covered consists of countries which, although adjacent to each other, vary largely in conditions and circumstances. Egypt under British influence has more liberty than Syria and Palestine; Asia Minor although part of the Turkish Empire, has a large Armenian population and differs largely from Persia, which is entirely Mohammedan; while Arabia is well nigh a closed country. A special effort is being made to raise £1,000 for new work connected with various Evangelical churches in Turkey, Persia, and Arabia.

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